

# **A Scientist is Missing**

**by Philip Buckland**



*An Apollo Bureau spy adventure*

**Also by Philip Buckland**

***The Frank Hurley series:***

*The Cranston Occurrence*

*The Hiders*

*Lois Latham*

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# CHAPTER I

Dr. Curtis Sawyer's office was on Connecticut Avenue in Washington, D.C.

Dr. Sawyer, nuclear physicist, was here at his office now. He was inside his laboratory, sliding a large slab of lead across the room to put it in the center of the room and right in line with his new invention so he can test his new invention again. His new invention was a weapon that cremated things. And he wanted to run one more test on his invention before he went on vacation. Dr. Sawyer was tall, lean, had graying brown hair, light blue eyes, rough, smooth features, and he was wearing a white smock and a white shirt with blue pinstripes, no tie, open, collar, and blue pants and black leather shoes.

When Dr. Sawyer got the lead slab in the center of his laboratory and right in line with his new invention, he stopped sliding the slab and walked over to his new invention to activate and test it again.

His new invention was a small, wide console with a transparent tube on it. A beam shot out of this tube and entered its target and cremated its target from the inside out. Dr. Sawyer called this tube the barrel.

When Dr. Sawyer reached his new invention, he got behind it to sit down behind it and activate the controls on it.

There was a small table next to the console, and on the table was a phone. It rang. Dr. Sawyer picked up the receiver of his phone and said, "Yes, Alice?"

"Your niece is here," said Alice Winthrop, Dr. Sawyer's secretary.

"Send her in," Then Dr. Sawyer replaced

the receiver.

The door of Dr. Sawyer's laboratory opened, and in walked Dr. Sawyer's niece, Nancy Sawyer.

She was tall, plump, had dark brown hair, dark blue eyes, a creamy pallor complexion, an almost straight nose, a full red mouth, and she was wearing a white dress and white high heel shoes, and her right hand was grasping the strap of her light orange shoulder strap handbag, which was resting on her right shoulder.

"Nancy!" Dr. Sawyer said enthusiastically. And stood up and when over to her to hug her. And Nancy smiled and went over to Dr. Sawyer to hug him. Then the both of them hugged each other.

"Nancy," Dr. Sawyer said. "It's good to see you."

"It's good to see *you*, Uncle Curt," Nancy

said to him.

"Well, what brings you here?"

"Well, I was in the neighborhood, so I thought I'd drop by and see you."

"Well, I'm glad you did. And you're just in time to see me run another test on my new invention before I go on vacation, too."

"Your cremating machine?"

"That's right. The lead slab I'm going to test it on is ready for the test." Then he pointed to where it was with his head. Nancy looked to where he pointed and saw the lead slab. Then Dr. Sawyer got back behind his new invention and sat down behind it again, and then he activated the controls on the console. Then the controls came to life. Nancy saw what he was doing.

"Ready?" Dr. Sawyer then asked his niece.

"Yeah," Nancy said.

"O.K. Just watch the lead slab and the barrel."

Nancy did.

Then, Dr. Sawyer pressed a button on the console, and then a beam shot out of the barrel and entered the lead slab. Then, the beam expanded and spread throughout the entire lead slab. Now the lead slab was ashes.

Nancy smiled. Then she spoke: "All right."

Dr. Sawyer smiled, too. Then *he* spoke, too: "Yes, it is."

"That's quite a weapon. With this we'd able to have peace. Or cause complete annihilation."

"I know."

"And the President wants to see you about this."

"Yes, he does. But he's agreed to see me about it after I take my vacation. He called me



to make an appointment to see me about my new invention at the time I was getting ready to take my vacation. I told him I needed to take a vacation. He understood and told me to take my vacation, and after I take my vacation, I make my appointment for him to see me about my new invention."

"Well, that was nice of him."

"Yes, it was. And it *is* a vacation that I'm looking forward to taking."

"I imagine it is. And you're going to take your vacation on the Italian Riviera."

"Yes. I've never been there before. I've heard so much about it. I'm looking to seeing it."

"I'll bet you are. When are you going to go to the Riviera?"

"Day after tomorrow,"

"I'll be glad to give you a lift to the

airport."

"All right." Then Dr. Sawyer told Nancy when day after tomorrow he was going to go to the airport."

"All right," Nancy said after her uncle had finished. "Day after tomorrow I'll pick you up at your place and take you to the airport."

"All right."

"There was another reason why I came here today to see you: to see if you'd like to have lunch with me."

"I'd like that very much. We can go have lunch right now if you like."

"All right,"

"Where would you like to have lunch?"

Then Nancy recommended a good place.

"All right," Dr. Sawyer said. "But first let me turn off the cremating machine and clean

up the ashes." Then Dr. Sawyer turned off the cremating machine, and then he stood up and left the console and walked over to the closet and withdrew a broom and a dust pan from the closet, and then he took them over to the garbage can that he had brought here to his lab from his place and had put on another side of the lab and put them into the garbage can, and then he put into the garbage can the shovel he had brought here to his lab from his place and had leaned against one of the walls here inside the lab, and then he pulled the garbage can over to the pile of the ashes of the lead slab, and then he took the broom and the dust pan out of the garbage can and leaned the broom against the garbage can and put the dust pan on the floor, and then he took the shovel out of the garbage can and shoveled most of the ashes of the lead slab into the garbage can with the shovel, and then he swept up the rest of the ashes with the broom and dust pan and put *them* into the garbage can, and then he took the garbage

and the shovel back to the same place in the lab he had put them in before and put them there, and then he took the broom and the dust pan back to the closet and put them back into the closet, and then he took his smock off and hung it up in the closet, and then he withdrew his blue coat from the closet and put it on, and then he and Nancy put their arms around each other's waists and walked out of Dr. Sawyer's office and into the waiting room, and then Dr. Sawyer told Alice that he and Nancy were going to lunch, but he didn't how long he was going to be gone. Then Dr. Sawyer and Nancy walked out of the waiting room to leave Dr. Sawyer's office and go have lunch.

Two days later, Nancy drove her uncle to the airport.

When they got there, they drove into the parking lot of the airport, and then Nancy looked around for a good place to park her red Camaro. She found it and drove over to it

and parked her car in it. Then she and Dr. Sawyer got out of Nancy's car, and then Nancy locked her car, and Dr. Sawyer withdrew his light green suitcase from the back seat of Nancy's car.

Nancy was wearing an emerald green dress and emerald green high heel shoes, and her right hand was grasping the strap of her purse, which was resting on her right shoulder.

And Dr. Sawyer was wearing a gray suit, a white shirt, no tie, open collar, and black leather shoes.

Then Nancy and Dr. Sawyer went into the airport.

Here inside the airport, Nancy and her uncle hugged each other before her uncle went through Security and before he got on the plane to go to the Riviera. Then they waved goodbye to each other as Dr. Sawyer went into the security room before he was

going to get on the plane and go to the Riviera.

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My apartment was on L Street in Washington.

I was here at my place now. Sitting inside the living room and watching TV. I wasn't working right now, so I had the time to do what I wanted to do right now.

The landline phone rang. But it wasn't my own personal landline phone that was ringing. Instead, it was the other landline phone that was ringing. The landline phone that was hidden inside my study. I recognized its ring. I left the living room and went into the study.

Behind my desk, and built into the wall,

were shelves. In one shelf were some books. But those books weren't books. Instead, those books were really a dummy row of books. Above the dummy row of books, and on the underside of the shelf, and hidden from view, was a button. I pressed the button, and then the dummy row of books sprung open and dropped down, revealing what was on the shelf: a purple landline phone. This phone was the direct line to all Apollo Bureau personnel. I picked up the receiver of the phone and said my name.

"Good morning, Micah. It's Tina," said Tina Sutton, Ruth Kincaid's secretary. "Please scramble."

I pressed the scrambling button on the phone and said, "Scrambled."

"Mrs. Kincaid needs to see you," Tina continued. "We have a new assignment from the President."

"I'm on my way," Then I replaced the

receiver of the phone and pushed the dummy row of books back into place to conceal the phone. Now the phone *was* concealed. Then I ran back into the living room and turned off the TV, and then I ran into *my* room and got out of my bathrobe and slippers, and then I ran into the bathroom and shaved and showered, and then I ran back into *my* room and got dressed, and then I ran out of my room and ran out of my apartment, and then I closed and locked the door, and then I ran down to my Mustang and unlocked it and got into it and started it up and pulled away from the curb so I could leave my place and go over to Apollo Bureau CHQ and find out from Mrs. Kincaid what the new assignment from the President was.

And I drove away from my place and over to CHQ without speeding so I wouldn't be noticed, too. I had to. I was a secret agent.



## CHAPTER II

The Realm Insurance Company was in Washington. On 14<sup>th</sup> Street. It was in the business of insuring things in general. But Realm Insurance wasn't really Realm Insurance. Instead, Realm Insurance was really the cover name for the central station of the Apollo Bureau, a secret American agency that got orders directly from the President of the United States.

I made the turn and drove into the parking lot of the central station and looked around for a good place to park my car. I found it and drove over to it and pulled into the parking space. Now I parked my car next to the building that housed the operations of the central station of the Apollo Bureau.

I'm Micah Folster, agent for the Apollo Bureau. I work for Security Operations, the department of the Apollo Bureau that's charged with taking care of things in the course of a mission. Because this department of the Apollo Bureau handles the big cases.

I got out of my car and locked it, and then I ran into the building and took the elevator up to the top floor. Where Mrs. Kincaid's office was. Mrs. Kincaid was the head of the Apollo Bureau.

I opened the door of her office, and then I walked into her office, and then I closed the door.

Her office was big and wide and spacious and white with a goldenrod carpet. Opposite the door to her office was her desk. It was big and long and blond and had matching armchairs before the desk, and on one side of her desk was her computer. Behind her desk was a cedar table against the wall. And on this

table were different colored landline phones-- including the purple phone and the red phone. The red phone was the direct line to the U.S. President. This was the phone that Mrs. Kincaid used to talk to the President. Also behind Mrs. Kincaid's desk, and against the wall, and lining the other walls, were white filing cabinets and the kind of office equipment that Mrs. Kincaid used in her work as the head of the Apollo Bureau. Built into another wall of her office was a big TV. Mrs. Kincaid had the remote control to the TV. It was on her desk. On another side of her office was a long shiny black coffee table before a blonde couch against the wall, and surrounding the couch and the coffee table were shiny black armchairs. Opposite the couch and the coffee table were a rosewood bar and matching armchairs.

Mrs. Kincaid was behind her desk and sitting at her computer, which was on one side of her desk, and doing some computer

work. She glanced up at me when she saw me come into her office. Then she spoke to me: "Grab a chair, Micah. I'll be right with you."

"Yes, ma'am," I said. Then I walked over to her desk and sat down in one of the chairs before her desk.

She finished her computer work, and then she turned the computer off and turned from the computer to her desk to face me. Then she spoke to me: "Would you like to have some coffee?"

"Well, if *you're* having some, I will,"

Then Mrs. Kincaid got up from her desk and walked over to the bar to get the coffee for us. She was tall, plump, pale, had red hair, green eyes, a young, old stern face, and she was wearing a butterscotch waist length coat and matching tight fitting skirt and matching high heel shoes, and flesh tone stockings.

When she reached the bar, she poured

two cups of coffee and walked over to me and gave me *my* cup of coffee, and then she walked back behind her desk and sat down behind it and sipped *her* coffee.

"I understand we have a new assignment from the President," I said to Mrs. Kincaid.

"That's right," Mrs. Kincaid said. "We do." Then she picked up the remote control and aimed it at the TV built into the wall and turned the TV on with the remote control. Now the TV was on, and now Mrs. Kincaid and I were looking at the picture of Dr. Sawyer.

"This is Dr. Curt Sawyer," Mrs. Kincaid told me. "He's a nuclear physicist. He lives here in Washington. He has created a new kind of weapon: a cremating machine. It cremates things."

"A cremating machine?" I wondered.

"That's right. One beam shot from this

weapon enters its target and cremates the target from the inside out. And then the target is ashes. Dr. Sawyer has been working on this creation of his for a long time." Then Mrs. Kincaid aimed the remote control at the TV again and pressed a button on the remote control, and then the picture of Dr. Sawyer changed to something else. Now Mrs. Kincaid and I were looking at Dr. Sawyer sitting behind his cremating machine.

"This is the cremating machine that Dr. Sawyer created," Mrs. Kincaid told me. "As you can see, it's a console." Then Mrs. Kincaid and I saw more pictures on the screen. Of what the cremating machine was cremating; a pile of rocks, a used refrigerator, and the lead slab that was the last thing that Dr. Sawyer had experimented on before he had gone on vacation. All of these items turned to ashes.

"Wow!" I said.

"Yeah," Mrs. Kincaid said. "Wow!"

"That's quite a weapon."

"Yes, it is. With this weapon we can have peace or cause annihilation. It's quite a responsibility." Then Mrs. Kincaid turned off the TV with the remote control, and then the pictures on the screen faded to black, and then Mrs. Kincaid put the remote control back on the desk and sipped more of her coffee. *I sipped more of my coffee, too.* "After Dr. Sawyer finished working on his invention, he went on vacation. He took his vacation on the Italian Riviera. After he was supposed to take his vacation, he was supposed to meet with the President so that the President could talk to him about his cremating machine. But he never came back here to Washington to keep that meeting after he took his vacation. He disappeared. Maybe he defected. Maybe he was kidnapped. Maybe it was something else. We don't know. The President wants him found. And, of course, we bring him back alive if we can. But if we can't bring him back

alive, we kill him. We can't risk what he knows getting into the wrong hands. We searched his office to see if anything there could tell us something about his disappearance. We found nothing there. We even got into his computer to find out if someone could have gotten into his computer to find out if Dr. Sawyer kept information on his cremating machine and get the information off the computer. There is the possibility that somehow someone found out about Dr. Sawyer's cremating machine and wants it. But he can't steal it. So he improvises by getting information on the cremating machine so he can create his own cremating machine. We didn't find it."

"Which meant that Dr. Sawyer *did* keep information on his cremating machine in his computer, and that someone got into his computer to find the information and he found it and he got the information off the computer, and then he deleted the



information, or Dr. Sawyer kept the information on DVD and that someone found the DVD and stole it."

"Yeah. It has to be one of the two."

"What about a lead? Do you have any?"

"Well, I don't know if you'd call it a lead, but we found it peculiar: shortly before Dr. Sawyer was to return to Washington to keep his meeting with the President, he checked out of his hotel. Said he was going home."

I wondered about this.

"And the person at the front desk of his hotel saw Dr. Sawyer leave with a woman and get into a car."

I wondered about this some more. "No doubt the woman took him to the airport?"

"It looks that way."

"But I imagine Dr. Sawyer never came back here to Washington to attend his

meeting with the President?"

"That's right. He didn't."

"Which means that Dr. Sawyer himself, or someone impersonating Dr. Sawyer, made it look like he was leaving so no one would know he disappeared."

"That's what it looks like."

"A covert operation."

"Yeah. I had our Italian Riviera station look into this. The woman that Dr. Sawyer was seen leaving with is Luciana Celi. She's Italian. She lives on the Italian Riviera. She works at Lab General, a research lab that researches things in general. She's Guido Giuliano's secretary. Guido Giuliano is the owner and manager of Lab General." Then Mrs. Kincaid took the remote control off her desk and aimed at it the TV and turned the TV on again with the remote control. Then she spoke to *me* again: "This is what Luciana

Celi looks like."

Then Mrs. Kincaid and I looked at the image on the screen. It was of a girl. She was beautiful. She was lightly tanned, had long, thick, lemon blonde hair, light green eyes, a big nose, and thin champagne pink lips.

"Has our Italian Riviera station found out anything more about her?" I asked Mrs. Kincaid.

"You'd better ask them," Mrs. Kincaid told me as she turned off the TV with the remote control and put the remote control back on her desk. "They're continuing their investigation of her. You'll be working with them on finding Dr. Sawyer. You'll be using your standard cover story on this assignment: investigator for Realm Insurance. You're looking for Dr. Sawyer. He didn't come back here to Washington after he took his vacation. Quote: Realm Insurance, unquote, wants to know why."

"I take it that quote, Realm Insurance, unquote is insuring Dr. Sawyer?"

"You take it right. He has two life insurance policies. His niece and his secretary are the beneficiaries. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars on each. He also has his office and his home insured. His office is insured for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and his home is insured for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He also has his business insured, and he also has fire and theft and accident insurance."

"I see. Dr. Sawyer has a niece?"

"That's right. Her name is Nancy Sawyer. She lives here in Washington, too. She works at a parcel delivery place here in Washington."

"Is there anyone else in her family that's still alive? I wondered why you said that Nancy is the beneficiary of one of those two hundred and fifty thousand life insurance

policies and not someone else in her family."

"No. She and her uncle are the only ones left in her family. We ran a check on her and conducted a preliminary investigation of her. She's clean. And it looks like she has nothing to do with her uncle's disappearance. Because of this, we're not going to continue investigating her. We're leaving her alone right now."

"She may know about her uncle's disappearance,"

"Yes, she might. But she hasn't done anything about it."

"But that doesn't mean she won't,"

"I know. But if she *does* do something about her uncle's disappearance, we'll know. Then we'll take action. Depending upon what she does."

"Of course,"

Then Mrs. Kincaid took a piece of paper off her desk and gave it to me and spoke to me again: "Here are the cover name and address and phone number of our Italian Riviera station and the name of the head of our Italian Riviera station."

I looked at what was written on the paper and memorized it, and then I took my cigarette lighter out of my pocket and burned the paper and tossed the paper into the big black glass ash tray on Mrs. Kincaid's desk and watched the flames lick up the paper. Now the paper was ashes. Then I put my cigarette lighter back into my pocket. Then I spoke to Mrs. Kincaid again: "Do you know what hotel Dr. Sawyer was staying at when he was taking his vacation on the Italian Riviera?"

"Yes. He stayed at the Assarotti Hotel in Genoa, Italy. Why do you ask?"

"So I could stay at that hotel. Maybe my

staying at that hotel could help me out on my assignment."

Mrs. Kincaid thought about that. Then she spoke: "Yeah. Maybe it will."

"You know something," I then said to Mrs. Kincaid. "If Dr. Sawyer had been seen leaving with this Luciana Celi when he checked out of his hotel so he could go to the airport and come back here to Washington, then maybe this Luciana Celi was seen with Dr. Sawyer before he had been seen leaving with her when he checked out of his hotel to come back here to Washington. If so, that would mean that he met her when he arrived on the Italian Riviera and took his vacation there."

"We thought of that, too," Mrs. Kincaid said. "And our Italian Riviera station is looking into that theory, but as I said, you'll have to ask our Italian Riviera station what they found out about Luciana Celi."

"I'll do that,"

"Well, I think that's it. Now you can go make your hotel and car rental and airplane reservations for Genoa, and then go to Genoa and carry out your assignment."

"All right."

"Good luck, Micah,"

"Thank you, ma'am,"

"You're welcome, Micah,"

"And thank you for the coffee, too."

"You're welcome," Then Mrs. Kincaid took another sip of her coffee and resumed her paperwork. And I left.



## CHAPTER III

The captain of the plane told us we were going to be arriving in Genoa in a few minutes. I looked out the porthole. It was dark out. Then I looked at my watch. Five o'clock.

Since it was going to be too late to call the Italian Riviera station of the Apollo Bureau and request a meeting with them tonight, I decided to call them and request a meeting with them tomorrow. What I could do tonight was get something to eat and sleep off the jet lag. I was going to need to do that. I continued looking out the porthole. We were reaching the Italian Riviera. The Italian Riviera, from up here in the sky, at five o'clock in the evening, looked beautiful. I had never been to the Italian Riviera before, but I had heard about it from other Apollo Bureau

agents and friends of mine who weren't Apollo Bureau agents and they didn't know I was an Apollo Bureau agent. They only thought I was an insurance investigator. Maybe if I'm lucky, I'll have some fun on the Italian Riviera as well as work on the Italian Riviera. That would be nice.

The captain told us to fasten return to our seats and fasten our safety belts. We were going to be landing in Genoa in a few minutes.

The plane came down on the runway of the Genoa airport so smoothly the landing felt like a nudge instead of a shove or a jostle.

The plane came to a complete stop in front of the terminal of the airport, and then we unfasten our safety belts and got out of our seats and collected our luggage and walked out of the plane. It was cool out. And from down here on the ground, the Italian Riviera looked just as majestic as it did from

up in the air.

We went into the terminal, and then I went to the car rental agency inside the airport and told the girl at the counter it was me and that I had ordered a car. Then she gave me the keys to the car and she told me I was going to drive a beige Monte Carlo with black hard top and where in the parking lot of the airport the car was. She also gave me a map. Then I thanked her, and then I collected my luggage and looked around for a good place to eat at and found it and went into it and ordered some spaghetti and meatballs and coffee. I would have had some wine with the spaghetti, but I was going to have to stay awake for the drive over to my hotel.

While I waited for my spaghetti to come, I looked at the map to find out how I was going to get to the hotel I was going to stay at and sipped my coffee. I found out how to get there, and then I folded up the map and put it into my pocket and continued sipping my

coffee.

My spaghetti came, and then I dug right into it and washed it down with more coffee.

I finished my spaghetti, and then I had spumoni ice cream for dessert and washed *that* with more coffee.

I felt better after I had eaten. Now I had more coffee. Then I left a nice tip on the table and collected my luggage and left the restaurant and walked out of the airport and into the parking lot and looked for the car I was going to drive and found it and put my luggage into the trunk of the car, and then I got into the car and started it up, and then I drove through the parking lot and out of it and turned onto the street and drove away from the airport so I could go over to the hotel I was going to stay at.

The Assarotti Hotel in Genoa was a few miles south from the center of the Italian Riviera.

I arrived here at the Assarotti, and then I parked my car in the parking lot, and then I retrieved my luggage and went into the hotel.

Here inside the lobby of the hotel, I went to the front desk and registered.

The man standing behind the front desk was tall and stringy and pale and had black hair and a matching mustache, and he was wearing a forest green coat and a white shirt and a black tie.

"My name is Micah Folster. I'm an investigator for Realm Insurance," I told him and took my Realm Insurance investigator ID out of my pocket and showed it to him, and then I put the ID back into my pocket. "I'm from Washington, D.C. I'm looking for Dr. Curt Sawyer. He has insurance with my company. We need to know why he didn't return to Washington after he took his vacation." I had to tell the man at the front desk my cover story. To make it look real, and

on the chance that the man at the front desk had found out something else about Dr. Sawyer's disappearance, something else that he had heard about later. "I understand that Dr. Sawyer took his vacation here on the Riviera and that he stayed here at the Assarotti during his vacation," I continued.

"Yes, he did take his vacation here on the Riviera, and he did stay here at the Assarotti during his vacation," the man at the front desk said. "And then he left. And when he left, he said he was going home."

"Why would he say that if you already knew he *was* going to go home, but he didn't go home?" Then, it came to me. Then, I spoke again: "Unless perhaps he wanted someone or a group of people to think he was going home, but he really went somewhere and he didn't that person or group of people where it was he went to."

"That could be it," the man at the front

desk said.

I didn't ask him any questions about Luciana Celi. I couldn't. I'd tip my hand if I would. I had to pretend I didn't know about her and what she had done with Dr. Sawyer while Dr. Sawyer had been here on the Riviera.

"Perhaps the woman he was with could help you find him," the man at the front desk suggested.

"The woman he was with?"

"Si," Then the man at the front desk wrote some information on a pad on the desk and tore the paper off the pad and gave it to me and I looked at what the man at the front desk had written on the piece of paper. What he had written on the paper was the same kind of information on Luciana Celi that Mrs. Kincaid had given me when she had given me my assignment: her name and the name of the place she worked at. Then the man at the

front desk told me what he had written down on the paper, and he also told me he had also written on the paper the phone number of the place Luciana Celi worked at. "She's been coming here to the Assarotti to see Dr. Sawyer," the man at the front desk continued. "And she's been leaving messages here at the front desk whenever she called Dr. Sawyer here at the Assarotti so she could talk to him."

"I see. What does this Luciana Celi look like?"

The man at the front desk told me. And the physical description of Luciana Celi he gave me was the same as the physical description of her I had seen back in Washington.

"I see," I said after the man at the front desk had told me what Luciana Celi looked like. "I'll talk to this woman." I also refrained from talking to the man at the front desk about what kind of car Dr. Sawyer and



Luciana Celi had driven in when they had left the hotel so Luciana Celi could take Dr. Sawyer to the airport. I had to pretend didn't know about the car and that Dr. Sawyer and Luciana Celi had left the hotel in that car so Luciana Celi could take Dr. Sawyer to the airport. Then I asked the man at the front desk for my key to my room. I didn't need to continue talking to him about Dr. Sawyer's disappearance right now, and I didn't know if I were going to need to continue talking to him about Dr. Sawyer's disappearance later, either, and I needed to sleep right now, too. I didn't know when I was going to get the chance to sleep again.

Then the man at the front desk gave the bellboy the key to my room, and then the bellboy took my luggage, and then the bellboy showed me up to my room.

Here inside my room, the bellboy gave me the key to my room, and I gave *him* a nice generous tip, and then the bellboy left, and

then I took my pocket size Apollo Bureau bug and phone tap detector out of my pocket and swept the room for bugs and phone taps. Although no one knew I was here on the Riviera right now.

The room was clean. It wasn't bugged. The phone was clean, too. It wasn't tapped. Then I unpacked and sat on the bed and took out of my pocket the information on Luciana Celi that the man at the front desk had given me and looked at it again. Then I thought about the man at the front desk.

He must not have anything to do with Dr. Sawyer's disappearance. If he did, he wouldn't have suggested that I talk to Luciana Celi about Dr. Sawyer's disappearance, and he wouldn't have given me the information on Luciana Celi that he had given me. Then I got undressed and took a shower, and had set the alarm clock for a time I wanted to get up at tomorrow, and then I had put my Browning 9mm underneath the pillow, and then I got

into bed and went to sleep.

I was up early the next day and phoning the Italian Riviera station of the Apollo Bureau on my dark charcoal gray Apollo Bureau cell phone to make an appointment with them. Unlike the Apollo Bureau landline phones, all Apollo Bureau cell phones weren't purple. Instead, they were different colors. And they looked like any other cell phone, too. Because all of the Apollo Bureau personnel couldn't stick out like sore thumbs. Since the Apollo Bureau *was* a secret agency. But like the Apollo Bureau landline phones, the Apollo Bureau cell phones had scrambling buttons on them. I had called room service on the phone in my room and had ordered my breakfast before I had gotten out my Apollo Bureau cell phone to call the Apollo Bureau station here on the Italian Riviera and make an appointment with them. Now I heard an American female voice on the other end say, "Good morning. Transector Detective

Agency." Although her voice sounded like it was Italian as well as it sounded like it was American. No doubt this had come from working on the Italian Riviera.

"Good morning," I said. "I'd like to talk to Joe Hoyt, please."

"Whom shall I say is calling?"

"Micah Folster, Realm Insurance."

"Hold the line and scramble, please,"

I pressed the scrambling button on my Apollo Bureau cell phone and said, "Scrambled."

"Good morning, Mr. Folster," an American male voice said. Although, *his* voice, too, sounded like it was Italian as well as it sounded like it was American. No doubt this, too, had come from his working on the Italian Riviera. "This is Joe Hoyt. Welcome to the Italian Riviera."

"Thank you," I said. "I got in last night. The trip over here was nice. I'd like to make an appointment to see you."

"All right. How 'bout today at two o'clock? My office?"

"All right. See ya then." Then I hung up.

So did Hoyt.

The Transector Detective Agency was the cover name for the Italian Riviera station of the Apollo Bureau, and Hoyt was the head of the Italian Riviera station. I looked at the clock on one of the bedside tables. 10:10.

I had four hours before I keep my appointment with Hoyt. So I decided to stay inside my hotel room and watch TV until I keep my appointment with Hoyt. Because of this I wasn't going to have time to look around the Italian Riviera. But, of course, I would look over the Italian Riviera when I would have the time to look it over. I sipped

more of the coffee I had ordered from room service and turned on the TV to watch it.

The building was in the center of Genoa. It was tall and slender, and it housed the operations of the Italian Riviera station of the Apollo Bureau.

Hoyt's office was on the top floor of the building. His office wasn't as big as Mrs. Kincaid's office, but it *was* spacious. It was also rectangular and light brown, and with a brown carpet. And on one side of the room was a big TV screen built into the wall. Hoyt kept the remote control to this TV on his desk. On another side of the room was a small black bar with matching armchairs. On the other side of the room were a mustard yellow couch and a shiny black coffee table before the couch, and across the coffee table were shiny black armchairs. Opposite the door to Hoyt's office was Hoyt's big maple desk with shiny black armchairs before his desk. Behind his desk was a maple table against the wall.

And on the table were different-colored landline phones--including the purple phone. But there was no red phone on the table. Because only Mrs. Kincaid had and used the red phone. Since *she* was the head of the Apollo Bureau. Also against *this* wall, and lining other walls in the room, were Hoyt's computer and beige filing cabinets and the kind of office equipment that Hoyt used in his work as the head of the Italian Riviera station of the Apollo Bureau.

Hoyt himself was sitting behind his desk and penning his way through some papers. Then he stood up when he saw me come into his office and close the door.

He was tall, robust, had light brown hair, a matching mustache that split his birdlike features in two, dark green eyes, and he was wearing a brown suit with light brown pinstripes and a light brown shirt and a brown tie.

I walked over to him, and then he and I shook hands. His grip was firm but not obnoxious.

"Hello, Mr. Folster," he said to me and smiled.

"Hello, Mr. Hoyt," I said to him and smiled at him.

Then Hoyt looked at the girl who was sitting in front of his desk and introduced her to me. Her name was Beverly Vikor. And she was an agent for the Italian Riviera station of the Apollo Bureau, Security Operations. She and I shook hands. Her grip was firm.

She had long, thick platinum blonde hair pouring down her oval shaped face, dark blue eyes, a straight nose, thin beige lips, and she was wearing a midnight blue waist length coat and a matching tight fitting skirt and flesh tone stockings and black high heel shoes.



"Can I get you anything, Mr. Folster?" Hoyt asked me.

"No," I said. "I'm fine."

Then Hoyt and I sat down.

"So we have a scientist to find," Hoyt said.

"That's right, we do," I confirmed. "Mrs. Kincaid told me that you were looking into this peculiarity about Dr. Sawyer leaving his hotel when he did and how he did. She also told me who this woman was that left with Dr. Sawyer when he checked out of his hotel and where she works and I saw a picture of what she looks like. Have you found out anything more about this peculiarity?"

"Yes, we have," Hoyt said. "Another peculiarity."

"Another peculiarity?" I asked.

"That's right," Beverly confirmed. "We put Luciana Celi under twenty four hour

surveillance after Dr. Sawyer checked out of his hotel so he could go back to Washington. She went back to her boss, Guido Giuliano, the head of Lab General. And they embraced and kissed each other. And then Signora Celi and Signore Giuliano went back to work. After work, they went out and had dinner, and then they went over to Giuliano's place, and Signora Celi stayed the night at Signore Giuliano's place, and then the next day, they went back to work. After that they spent a lot of time working and doing other things. Because of this, we looked into these activities. It looks like Signora Celi is Signore Giuliano's girlfriend as well as she's Giuliano's secretary."

"Well, that's interesting,"

"Yes. It is."

"Well, then if Signora Celi met Dr. Sawyer and was seen with him and left with him after he checked out of his hotel to go back to

Washington, and then Signora Celi went back to Signore Giuliano after Dr. Sawyer left his hotel to go back to Washington, then that would mean that Signora Celi saw Dr. Sawyer behind Giuliano's back, or it's something else. And in order to find out which it is, we should put Giuliano under twenty four hour surveillance as well as we put Signora Celi under twenty four hour surveillance. If it is something else instead of Luciana Celi's seeing Dr. Sawyer behind Giuliano's back, then maybe that something else has to do with Dr. Sawyer's disappearance."

"We'll do that," Hoyt promised.

"Good,"

"We also ran a check on Giuliano after we saw Luciana Celi go back to Giuliano after Luciana Celi left with Dr. Sawyer when he checked out of his hotel to go back to Washington. He is the head of Lab General. Has been for a long time. Honorably

discharged from the Italian Army. Upstanding citizen. He also owns an island. It's a few miles away from the Italian Riviera. He says it's a place he can get away to whenever he wants to get away. Or, it's a place where he can do something private on whenever he wants to do something privately. Like write. He calls this island of his Giuliano Island."

"Well, *that's* interesting. I think we should check out this island."

"That won't be easy to do," Hoyt pointed out. "There's a no trespassing sign on the island. And the only one who will let you go onto the island is Giuliano himself. But you have to have some good reason for going onto his island."

"Well, somehow we've got to check out that island. Maybe it does have to do with Dr. Sawyer's disappearance, or maybe it has to do with something else. We'll need to find out which it is."

"Of course. We'll see what we can do."

"Good. I'll also want to talk to Luciana Celi about Dr. Sawyer's disappearance."

"We can and will arrange for you to talk to Luciana Celi about Dr. Sawyer's disappearance. Mrs. Kincaid told us what your cover story is on this assignment: you're using your standard cover story on this assignment: you're Micah Folster, investigator for Realm Insurance, and you're looking for Dr. Sawyer to find out why he didn't go back to Washington after he took his vacation."

"That's right," I confirmed. "And we'll also need to search Luciana Celi's place and Giuliano's place and bug both places and tap their landline phones."

"Of course. We'll take care of that, too. Well, I think that's all for now. Unless perhaps there's something else you need to talk about, Mr. Folster."

I thought. Then I spoke: "No. I don't think there's anything else I need to talk to you and Ms Vikor about."

"All right," Hoyt smiled. "We'll let you know when and where you can talk to Luciana Celi about Dr. Sawyer's disappearance, and I'll also phone Mrs. Kincaid and tell her you were here and we talked about our assignment and what we're going to do."

"Good,"

Then Hoyt and I stood up and shook hands. Beverly remained seated, and I shook hands with Beverly, too.

"Thanks for coming in, Mr. Folster," Hoyt said.

"You're welcome, Mr. Hoyt," I said. Then I left.

## CHAPTER IV

Two days later, I was driving over to Lab General. After I had seen Hoyt and Beverly about Dr. Sawyer's disappearance, I had looked over the Italian Riviera. I liked what I saw of it as well as I needed to look it over for the sake of the job. In case I'd have to use avenues of escape. Hoyt had called me and had told me he had called Mrs. Kincaid and had told her about his visit with Beverly and me. He also told me that he had started putting Giuliano under surveillance as well as he and Beverly and the other Italian Riviera station operatives were continuing the surveillance on Luciana Celi and had searched Giuliano's place and Luciana Celi's place and had tapped their landline phones and had bugged their places. But at those times, Giuliano and Luciana Celi hadn't said or done

anything that had to do with Dr. Sawyer's disappearance. Maybe what they had said and had done had nothing to do with Dr. Sawyer's disappearance. Or maybe they were being careful not to say anything about Dr. Sawyer's disappearance if they had something to do with Dr. Sawyer's disappearance. Now I was reaching Lab General.

Lab General was a few miles north of Genoa. It was a big cluster of buildings that housed the operations of Lab General. And a big fence surrounded the cluster of buildings.

I reached Lab General and pulled up to the gatehouse and brought my car to a complete stop. Then I told the guard at the gate why I came here, and then he told me where inside Lab General Giuliano's office was. Then the guard touched the switch which cycled the gate open, and then I drove into Lab General and up to the main building where Giuliano's office was.



Giuliano's office was on the top floor of the main building of Lab General. The waiting room of Giuliano's office was small but spacious and white with a white carpet, and on one side of the room was a caramel colored couch, and before the couch was a transparent glass table, and on the table were magazines, and surrounding most of the walls of the waiting room were white filing cabinets and the kind of office equipment that Luciana used in her work as Giuliano's secretary.

Giuliano himself was in the waiting room. He was standing at Luciana's big mahogany desk and talking to her about some papers on Luciana's desk and looked at those papers. Luciana was sitting behind her desk. Giuliano was tall, stringy, had sandy hair, dark green eyes, rather handsome, and he was wearing a forest green suit and a light blue shirt and a black tie and black leather shoes. Luciana was wearing a white dress.

The door of the waiting room opened, and

in I walked, and then I closed the door.

"Good morning," I said to Giuliano and Luciana.

"Good morning," Giuliano said. "Can I help you?"

"Well, I hope so. I'm looking for Luciana Celi. I have an appointment with her."

"Oh, yes. She told me about it." Then he pointed her out to me by glancing at her. "This is her," He then said.

Luciana smiled.

"I'm Micah Folster," I said to her. "I'm with Realm Insurance."

"Oh, yes," she said. Then the both of us shook hands. Her grip was pleasantly firm. Then she introduced Giuliano to me. Then Giuliano and I shook hands. *His* grip was firm.

"Is there somewhere where we can go to

and talk privately," I then asked Luciana.

"You can use my office," Giuliano suggested. Then Giuliano looked at Luciana and spoke to her: "We can resume going over those reports later. I'm going to go have lunch now. I'm getting hungry. *You* can go have lunch after you and Signore Folster have finished talking."

"Very good, sir," Luciana said.

"Signore Folster?" Giuliano said. Then he left.

Then Luciana got out from behind her desk, and then she and I walked into Giuliano's office. Luciana was tall and slender, and she was wearing flesh tone stocking and white high heel shoes.

Giuliano's office was just as big as the waiting room. And it, too, was white with a white carpet. Opposite the door to Giuliano's office was Giuliano's big shiny black desk. In

front of it were shiny black leather armchairs. On one side of the room were black filing cabinets. And on another side of the room was a small brown bar with more shiny black armchairs in front of the bar. And lining most of the walls of Giuliano's office was the kind of office equipment that Giuliano used in his work as head of Lab General.

"Can I get you anything? Signore Folster?" Luciana offered.

"No, I'm fine," I said.

Now Luciana was sitting behind Giuliano's desk, and I was sitting in front of his desk.

"I'm looking for someone," I told Luciana. "He's an American. His name is Dr. Curt Sawyer. He's from Washington, D.C. The reason why I need to find him is to find out why he didn't go back to Washington after he took his vacation."

"Oh, really?" Luciana wondered. "He

didn't go back to Washington after he took his vacation?"

"That's right. I understand he took his vacation here on the Italian Riviera."

"Yes. He did. I met him when he got here. He told me he was on vacation. We had a good time while he was here. Then one day I took him to the airport so he could go back to Washington. I haven't seen or heard from him since then."

"I see. Well, I tried to find him in Washington. Then I was told he took his vacation here on the Riviera."

"And so you came here to the Riviera to find out if there were something here that might help you find him and find out why he didn't go back to Washington after he took his vacation."

"That's right."

"Well, I'm sorry. Nothing happened here

on the Riviera that could help you find him and find out why he didn't go back to Washington after he took his vacation."

"He didn't even say or do something that could help me find him and find out why he didn't go back to Washington after he took his vacation?"

"No. I'm sorry."

"It's all right."

"What will you do now?"

"I don't know," I didn't want to tell her what I was going to do. Right now I didn't know if she had something to do with Dr. Sawyer's disappearance, or if she had nothing to do with Dr. Sawyer's disappearance. Then I stood up and spoke to Luciana again: "Well. Thanks for me letting me see you."

"You're welcome. If there's anything else I can do for you while you're here on the Italian Riviera, let me know," Luciana said and

smiled.

"I'll do that," I said and smiled at her, too. Then I noticed the sink behind the bar and glasses on side of the sink. "Good day." Then Luciana and I walked out of Giuliano's desk. Then I coughed.

"Are you all right, Signore Folster?" Luciana sounded concerned.

"I think something went down the wrong throat," I said. "Is there any way of getting a glass of water?"

"I'll get it," Then she ran back into Giuliano's office. And I ran over to the white phone and Luciana's desk and tapped it. Then I ran back to where inside the waiting room I had been standing "when I had coughed." Then Luciana came back with a glass of water and I drank it.

"Thank you," I then said to Luciana.

"You're welcome," Luciana said. "Well. So

long."

"So long, Signora Celi."

Then I left. When I got outside Giuliano's office, I looked around. No one was here. Then, quickly, I took out of my pocket the Apollo Bureau radio to the Apollo Bureau phone tap I had put underneath the landline phone on Luciana's desk and an Apollo Bureau earphone, and then I plugged one end of the earphone into the jack of the radio, and then I put the earpiece of the earphone into my ear, and then I turned on the radio and put the radio back into my pocket, and then I took the elevator down to the ground floor and left the building and got back into my car and drove out of Lab General and away from Lab General. I also thought about my visit with Luciana: it was the same as what I had heard before: Dr. Sawyer had come here to the Italian Riviera to take his vacation, then he had met Luciana and had done things with her while he *had* been on vacation, and then



one day she had taken Dr. Sawyer to the airport so he could go back to Washington. Either she lied about what Dr. Sawyer had done while he had been here on the Riviera if she had something to do with Dr. Sawyer's disappearance, or it was the same theory I had had when I had talked to the man at the front desk of the Assarotti when I had had my conversation with him about Dr. Sawyer's disappearance if Luciana had nothing to do with Dr. Sawyer's disappearance.

I also listened to the radio to the tap I had put underneath the landline phone on Luciana's desk. Then, I heard something. It was dialing. Then I heard someone pick up the phone on the other end and say hello.

"Hello," Luciana said. "Guido?"

"Luciana?"

"Si," Then Luciana told Giuliano about her visit with me.

"I see," Giuliano said after Luciana had finished. "And that's all you told him."

"Si. What do we do now?"

"We keep an eye on him to find out what he's going to do. If we discover he's going to do nothing, we leave him alone. He might even go back to Washington and tell his superiors he didn't find Dr. Sawyer, and that'll be the end of it."

"But if we discover he's going to do something, we keep him from doing it?"

"Well, let's hope for his sake, that he's going to do nothing."

## CHAPTER V

"I'll have Pietro and Roberto find him and watch him," Giuliano said. "Have you had lunch?"

"No, I haven't," Luciana answered.

"Then go have your lunch,"

"I will. Where are *you* having lunch?"

"Le Rune,"

"Then that's where *I'll* have lunch."

"I'll be here waiting for you."

"Good," Then Luciana hung up.

And *I* continued listening in on the phone on Luciana's desk in the waiting room of Giuliano's office, even though there was no conversation on the phone right now. But, of

course, that didn't mean that there wouldn't be a conversation on the phone later. Maybe there will be. Maybe there won't be. And I also pulled off of the road and parked my car on the shoulder, and then I got out my Apollo Bureau cell phone and called the Italian Riviera station of the Apollo Bureau and told Hoyt's secretary I wanted to talk to Hoyt.

"Hold the line and scramble, please," she told me.

I pressed the scrambling button on my Apollo Bureau cell phone and said, "Scrambled."

"Mr. Folster," Hoyt said when he came on.

"Mr. Hoyt," I said. Then I told him about my visit with Luciana and that I had tapped her phone at work and what I had heard her and Giuliano talk about on the phone that had to do with Dr. Sawyer's disappearance after I had finished talking to Luciana about Dr. Sawyer's disappearance.

"I see," Hoyt said. "Then it looks like Giuliano and Luciana Celi know something about Dr. Sawyer's disappearance."

"Or they were in on it," I said. "And they don't want me to find him. Well, then if they know something about Dr. Sawyer's disappearance, or they were in on Dr. Sawyer's disappearance, then that would mean that Dr. Sawyer must still be here on the Riviera. Close to them so they can keep an eye on him."

"That *is* possible. And we'll search the Riviera for him. And we'll put *you* under twenty four hour surveillance, too."

"Yeah. And I think I'll make it look like I'm going to stay here on the Riviera and continue looking for Dr. Sawyer. And then this Pietro and this Roberto will see what I'm doing and tell Giuliano about it. Then we see what happens after that."

"All right."

"And we'll still have to do the other things we talked about."

"Of course."

"Right now I'm going to go back to my hotel and shave and shower and change clothes and get something to eat. Then I'll get back to you. All right?"

"Right,"

"Bye,"

"Bye," Then Hoyt hung up.

So did I. Then I put my Apollo Bureau cell phone back into my pocket and started up my car, and then I pulled back onto the road and drove down it so I could go back to town and go back to my hotel and shave and shower and change clothes and get some lunch. I also looked out the rear- and side view mirrors of my car to see if this Roberto and this Pietro were following me right now. Even though it was unlikely that they would be following me

right now. It would take time for the both of them to find and follow me. I didn't see them. Which meant that they hadn't found me yet, or they *had* found me and they were following and watching me right now, but they were keeping out of sight so I wouldn't see them following and watching me.

I was here at the Assarotti now. I parked my car inside the parking lot, and then I got out of my car and locked it, and then I went into the hotel.

Here inside the lobby of the hotel, I was walking over to the elevator go to up to my room and shave and shower and change clothes when the man at the front desk told me I had gotten a telephone message while I had been out. Then he took the message out of my box and gave it to me. Then I opened up the envelope and took the message out of the envelope and unfolded it and read it. It read:

*Mr. Folster,*

*I need to talk to you. It has to do with my uncle, Dr. Curt Sawyer. I heard you came here to the Italian Riviera to look for my uncle. I have come here to the Italian Riviera to look for him, too. I'm staying here at the same hotel you're staying at, the Assarotti. Please get back to me when you can.*

*Nancy Sawyer.*

I put the message back into the envelope and went over to the front desk and asked the man at the front desk to phone Nancy's room. He did.

"She does not answer, Signore," he told me.

"Which means that she's out, or she's in, but she can't get to the phone," I theorized. "What's the number of her room?"



He told me. Then I thanked him and put the message into my pocket and took the elevator up to Nancy's room.

When I got here, I knocked on her door. No answer. I knocked again. Again, no answer. I knocked a few more times. Still no answer. Then I left. I was going to try to get a hold of her again later. Then I stopped in the hall and took my Apollo Bureau cell phone out of my pocket and called the Italian Riviera station of the Apollo Bureau and scrambled my phone and got a hold of Hoyt and told him about the message I had gotten from Nancy while I had been out.

"Really," he said after I had finished.

"Yeah," I said.

"Well, how did she know you were here on the Riviera and looking for her uncle?"

"I told the man at the front desk that I came here to the Riviera to find Dr. Sawyer.

He must have told Nancy I was here on the Riviera and looking for her uncle. Maybe he asked her if she's related to Dr. Sawyer and she says she is, and then he told her I'm here on the Riviera and looking for her uncle. I just tried to get a hold of her, but she's not in her room. So I'm going to try to get hold of her again later. Could you tell Washington about this message I had got from Nancy? I already know about Nancy. She's Dr. Sawyer's niece. Washington already told me about her when they briefed me on my assignment. But Washington didn't tell me what she looks like. I will need to know what she looks like."

"I understand. And I'll tell Washington you got that message and find out what she looks like."

"Good,"

"We have you under surveillance now. But so far we don't see anyone following you."

"Which means that this Roberto and this

Pietro haven't found me yet to put me under surveillance, or they have, but they're staying out of sight while they're following me."

"Well, we'll do our best to spot them and follow them."

"Good luck."

"Thank you,"

"You're welcome,"

"Anything else, Mr. Folster?"

"No, that's it, Mr. Hoyt. Talk to you later,"

"Talk to you later, Mr. Folster," Then Hoyt hung up.

So did I. Then I put my Apollo Bureau cell phone back into my pocket and took the elevator down to *my* hotel room so I could go shave and shower and change clothes before I have lunch.

I was here inside my hotel room now. I

had searched the room again for bugs and phone taps and noticed there weren't any, and then I had got undressed and had shaved and showered. Then I had gone back into the room and had got dressed. Now I walked over to the door so I could leave my hotel room and go downstairs and have lunch.

My Apollo Bureau cell phone rang. I took it out of my pocket and said hello.

"Hello," the person on the other end said. I recognized her voice. It was Hoyt's secretary. "Mr. Folster?"

"Yes," I said. "This is Folster."

"Mr. Folster, stay on the line and scramble, please,"

I pressed the scrambling button on my Apollo Bureau cell phone and said, "Scrambled."

"Mr. Folster," it was Hoyt. And he told me it was him. "I told Washington about that

message you got from Nancy Sawyer and found out what she looks like." Then Hoyt told me what Nancy looked like. "And Washington found out that she knows about Dr. Sawyer's invention and that he was going to meet with the President so the both of them could talk about Dr. Sawyer's invention after he takes his vacation and that he *has* taken his vacation, but he didn't go back to Washington, and she wondered why he didn't go back to Washington after he took his vacation."

"And so she must have come here to the Riviera to find her uncle and find out why he didn't go back to Washington."

"That is possible."

"Well, maybe that's what she'll tell me when we meet."

"Maybe she *will* tell you."

"What *you* could do until I try to get a

hold of her again is locate her and put her under surveillance. If Giuliano and Luciana Celi find out she's here on the Riviera looking for her uncle, then her life could get into danger."

"I understand. And we'll find her and put her under surveillance."

"Good. Tell Washington what we're going to do about Nancy Sawyer."

"Will do."

"All right. Anything else, Mr. Hoyt?"

"No. That's it. Talk to you later."

"Talk to you later, Mr. Hoyt," Then I hung up.

So did Hoyt.

And I put my Apollo Bureau cell phone back into my pocket and left my room so I could go downstairs and have lunch.

I was downstairs and in the restaurant and sitting at a booth now. I ordered my meal, and then the waiter took the menu and disappeared, and I took my Apollo Bureau cell phone out of my pocket and called the Italian Riviera station of the Apollo Bureau and told Hoyt's secretary I wanted to talk to Hoyt and to scramble. She scrambled.

"Hello, Mr. Folster," Hoyt said when he came on.

"Hello, Mr. Hoyt," I said. "I thought of something: we could search the Riviera for Dr. Sawyer, but my guess is that Dr. Sawyer is on Giuliano Island. It would be a good place to keep him there. Better facilities for imprisoning him and interrogating him and keeping people from noticing him. And if there are people in Giuliano's employ and boats on that island, then those people could keep Dr. Sawyer from escaping by making sure that Dr. Sawyer doesn't get his hands on one of those boats if Dr. Sawyer were to break

out of his prison and try to escape. Not only that, the island is a distance away from Genoa and difficult or impossible for Dr. Sawyer to escape."

"Of course. Makes sense."

"If Dr. Sawyer *is* on Giuliano Island, then that would mean that Giuliano found out that Dr. Sawyer was on the Riviera taking his vacation and kidnapped him or had him kidnapped and took him to Giuliano Island to make him make a cremating machine for Giuliano so Giuliano could do what *he* wants to do with *his* cremating machine. Somehow Giuliano found out about Dr. Sawyer's cremating machine and wanted a cremating machine for himself. He couldn't steal Dr. Sawyer's cremating machine. So he improvised by stealing the information on Dr. Sawyer's cremating machine and kidnapping Dr. Sawyer himself. As for how he kidnapped Dr. Sawyer, he and his people may have found out that Dr. Sawyer was going to take his



vacation here on the Riviera, and then Giuliano and his people stayed here on the Riviera and waited for Dr. Sawyer show up, and when Dr. Sawyer got here to the Riviera, he and his people kidnapped Dr. Sawyer. Saving them the job of going to Washington and kidnapping him there and smuggling him here onto the Riviera."

"Makes sense."

"Yes, it does,"

"Well, we can find out about the possibility of Dr. Sawyer being on Giuliano Island when we go there and search it. We have decided to go over to Giuliano Island and search it."

"Yes, we have. But let's do that after I find out what it is that Nancy Sawyer wants to talk to me about. I'm going to try to get hold of her again after I have my lunch."

"All right. Speaking of Nancy Sawyer, we

located her and we're putting her under surveillance."

"Great."

"Right now she's in town, and it looks like she's talking to people about someone or something. She's showing this picture to people. My guess is she's asking people questions about whoever or whatever it is that's in the picture."

"Maybe what it is that's in that picture is her uncle, and she's asking people questions about where he is. And if she has asked people questions about where her uncle is, and those people tell other people she's looking for her uncle, and so on and so on, then, sooner or later, Giuliano will hear she's looking for her uncle and keep her from looking for her uncle . . . Or maybe he'll capture her and take her to his island and threaten to kill her if Dr. Sawyer doesn't make a cremating machine for him so he can do

what *he* wants to do with *his* cremating machine."

## CHAPTER VI

"I don't like saying that," I pointed out to Hoyt, "but I had to."

"I understand," Hoyt said.

"Yeah. And we'll have to protect her as well as find her uncle, too."

"I know."

"Another thing in the mission we'll have to do. And if she is looking for her uncle for the same reason *we're* looking for him, then we'll have to tell her we're government agents."

"Of course."

"But we don't have to tell her what

organization we work for. Not unless we have to. It'll depend upon what we have to do or what happens or both.

"I know."

I was eating my lunch now: chicken Alfredo. And washing it down with a fine white wine.

I felt better after I had eaten. Now I was having coffee. I was going to need to stay awake for my meeting with Nancy.

My Apollo Bureau cell phone rang. I took it out of my pocket and said hello.

"Hello. Mr. Folster?" the person on the other end said.

"Yes," I said.

"Joe Hoyt. Please scramble."

I pressed the scrambling button on my Apollo Bureau phone and said, "Scrambled."

"I don't know if you've finished your lunch or not, but I thought you might want to know what Nancy Sawyer is doing right now: she's going into your hotel. One of our agents is going into the hotel now to see what she's going to do in the hotel now. Hold on, Mr. Folster. My phone is ringing right now. I'll get back to you after I've answered it." Then I didn't hear anything on the line. Then Hoyt came back on the line to speak to me again: "Mr. Folster?"

"Yes?"

"That was the agent who went into your hotel to see what Nancy Sawyer is doing there right now. He told me she went into the lobby and got into the elevator."

"Probably to go up to her room," I theorized. "I *have* my finished my lunch, so now I'll pay my check and leave the restaurant

and go up to her room. If she's in her room, I'll talk to her there."

"All right,"

Then I hung up.

So did Hoyt.

Then I finished the coffee, and then I left a nice tip on the table, and I got a hold of the waiter and asked him to give my check, and he did, and then I paid the check and left the restaurant, and then I went out into the lobby and took the elevator up to Nancy's room.

When I got here to Nancy's room, I knocked on the door.

The door opened. And standing inside the room was Nancy.

She looked exactly like Hoyt had described her to me. She was wearing a red and silver short sleeve thick stripe tight fitting dress and silver high heel shoes.

"Hello," I said to her. "Ms Nancy Sawyer?"

"Yes," she said. "I'm Nancy Sawyer."

"Ms Sawyer, my name is Micah Folster. I got your message about why you need to talk to me."

"Oh, yes. Won't you come in."

"Thank you," Then I came in.

Nancy closed the door.

"Would you like something to drink?" Nancy offered.

"No," I said. "I'm fine."

Then Nancy asked me to sit down, and then the both of us went over to the round table and sat down at it.

"I understand that you're with Realm Insurance and looking for my uncle to find out why he didn't come back from his vacation."



"That's right. I am."

"Well, I'm looking for my uncle, too."

"Because he was supposed to go back to Washington after he took his vacation here on the Riviera and keep his appointment with the President so they could talk about your uncle's new invention: the cremating weapon,"

Nancy looked surprised. "How did you know?"

"Because *I'm* looking for your uncle for the same reason *you're* looking for him."

Nancy really looked at me now.

"I'm not really with Realm Insurance. That's the cover story I'm using on this mission."

"You're a spy,"

"That's right. I am."

"What organization do you work for? CIA? NSA? Military Intelligence?"

"That's not important." Then I told Nancy what I had found out in the course of my mission so far.

"Oh, really," she said after I had finished.

"Yeah," I said. Then I told her the theories I had for what could happen to her if Giuliano finds out she was here on the Riviera.

"Really?" she said after I had finished.

"Yeah," I said. "So what we're going to have to do to keep Giuliano from capturing you and taking you to his island and threatening to kill you if your uncle doesn't make a cremating machine for him is take you back to Washington and move you around a lot until we find our uncle and return him to Washington. As long as you're here on the Riviera trying to find your uncle, your life is in danger. And if Giuliano kidnaps

you and takes you to his island and threatens to kill you if your uncle doesn't make a cremating machine for him, we'll be looking for two people instead of one. You *and* your uncle."

Nancy nodded and said she understood.

"Good," I said. "I promise you that after we find your uncle, we'll tell you we've found him. Or, he might tell you himself we found him. That is, if we complete our assignment successfully."

Nancy smiled. "Thanks," she then said.

"You're welcome. I have a question to ask you: when you came here to the Riviera to find your uncle, what did you tell the people you were asking if they saw your uncle or knew where he was?"

"Only that he didn't come home from taking his vacation and I was wondering why he didn't come here from his taking his

vacation. I didn't tell anyone about my uncle's invention and that he was supposed to meet with the President so that the both of them could talk about my uncle's invention after my uncle takes his vacation. His meeting with the President so that the both of them could talk about my uncle's invention after my uncle takes his vacation was classified information. No one was supposed to know that my uncle was supposed to meet with the President so the both of them could talk about my uncle's invention after my uncle takes his vacation. Although my uncle told his secretary and me. He confides in the both of us. But we haven't told anyone else about this meeting and when my uncle and the President are supposed to have this meeting. But I imagine that somehow this Giuliano found out about my uncle's invention and that he was supposed to meet with the President so the both of them could discuss my uncle's invention and when the meeting was supposed to be?"

"Yeah. But if no one else knows about your uncle's invention and when he was supposed to have his meeting with the President so the both of them could discuss your uncle's invention, then that would mean Giuliano didn't want anyone else to know about your uncle's invention and the meeting he was supposed to have with the President so the both of them could discuss your uncle's invention and when the meeting was supposed to be so that *he* could have a cremating machine."

"Which means that he had to keep my uncle's invention a secret, as much as my uncle and the President want to keep my uncle's invention a secret."

"That's right."

"I'm sorry I came here to the Riviera to find my uncle after I found out he didn't go back to Washington and walked into this."

"What you should have done was go to

our embassy in Italy and tell them you were looking for your uncle and not tell them about your uncle's invention and not tell them about the meeting he was supposed to have with the President and not tell them when the meeting was. I'm sure they would have helped you. But don't worry about it. The important thing is that we're going to do everything in our power to protect you and find your uncle."

"Thank you,"

"You're welcome," Then I took my Apollo Bureau cell phone out of my pocket and called Hoyt and told him what Nancy and I had just talked about.

"Good," Hoyt said after I had finished. "We'll see about getting her back to Washington as soon as possible. When we're ready to do that, I'll tell you. I'll also call Washington and tell them about what you and Ms Sawyer talked about and have them

be ready to move her around a lot after she gets back to Washington."

"Until she goes back to Washington, we'll put her under twenty four hour protective surveillance."

"Good,"

"Anything else, Mr. Folster?"

"No. That's it. I'll tell Ms Sawyer everything we've just talked about."

"Of course. Bye, Mr. Folster,"

"Bye, Mr. Hoyt," Then I hung up.

So did Hoyt.

Then I put my Apollo Bureau cell phone back into my pocket and told Nancy everything that Hoyt and I had just talked about on the phone. I was glad that Nancy wasn't going to give Hoyt and me any trouble on what we were going to do. Probably because Nancy didn't like the idea of being

used to force her uncle to do something that her uncle wouldn't want to do.

Shortly after I had finished telling Nancy everything that Hoyt and I had talked about on the phone, Hoyt called me back and told me that it'll be all right for Nancy to go out until she leaves the Riviera and goes back to Washington. She was under twenty four hour protective surveillance right now, and she was going to be under twenty four hour protective surveillance until she leaves the Riviera and goes back to Washington. Then Hoyt and I hung up, and then I told Nancy what Hoyt had just told me.

"That's great," she said and smiled after I had finished. "I won't have to be cooped up in a hotel room until I go home."

"No. You won't have to be. I confirmed and smiled. Then I looked at my watch and spoke to Nancy again: "Have you had lunch?"

"No. I haven't. But I was going to have



lunch after I take a shower and change clothes."

"Well, why don't you take your shower and change clothes and meet me downstairs. I'll wait for you downstairs, and then, when you get downstairs, we'll go have lunch."

Nancy smiled. Then she spoke: "All right."

Then I left.

I was down here in the lobby now. Sitting on the couch and reading a paperback book I had taken with me.

My Apollo Bureau cell phone rang. I took it out of my pocket and said hello.

It was Hoyt. He told me to scramble. I did and told him I did.

"We've made arrangements for Ms Sawyer to leave the Riviera and go back to Washington and be moved around a lot," Hoyt continued. "She'll get on a plane

tomorrow morning at eleven am, and when she arrives in Washington, agents there will meet her and move her around. Since she will leave tomorrow, it'll be best for her to pack tonight so she can be ready to leave the Riviera tomorrow."

"I'll tell her when she comes down from taking a shower and changing clothes. She's going to have lunch. She hasn't had lunch yet. She and I are still here at my hotel. I'll also tell her that I'll take her to the airport tomorrow."

"All right. We'll make sure that Ms Sawyer gets her plane ticket before you take her to the airport."

"Of course. Anything else, Mr. Hoyt."

"No. That's it. Bye, Mr. Folster,"

"Bye, Mr. Hoyt," Then I hung up.

So did Hoyt.

And I put my Apollo Bureau cell phone

back into my pocket and continued reading the book.

The doors of the elevator opened, and Nancy walked into the lobby, and then the elevator doors closed.

Nancy was wearing a long sleeve light green shirt and black pants and black high heel shoes, and the strap of her purse was resting on her right shoulder, and her right hand was grasping the strap of her purse.

"Mr. Folster," she said.

I looked up from reading my book and saw her walk over to me. Then I smiled when I saw her. Then I put the bookmark in my book and put the book in my pocket, and then I stood up, and then she and I walked into the restaurant.

She and I were sitting at a booth now. Sipping a fine white wine. Nancy had already ordered her lunch, but I didn't. I told her that

I had already had lunch, but I hadn't had desert, and I had already ordered that. And I was sipping the same kind of white wine that Nancy was sipping, too. I also told Nancy about the last phone conversation that I had had with Hoyt about the arrangements we had made for Nancy to leave the Riviera and to go back to Washington and be moved around.

"Oh, really," she said. "So soon."

"Yeah," I said. "Since you'll be leaving the Riviera tomorrow, it'd be best if you pack tonight so you'll be ready to leave tomorrow. I'll drive you to the airport. We'll make sure that you get your airplane ticket before I take you to the airport."

"Good,"

Then Nancy and I talked about what we could do until I take her to the airport tomorrow.

She was eating her lunch now: linguini. And washing it down it more white wine. And *I* was eating Spumoni ice cream and washing *that* down with the same kind of wine white that Nancy was drinking.

Nancy and I felt better she had eaten. Now the both of us were having coffee.

Then I left a nice tip on the table, and then I paid the check, and then Nancy and I left the restaurant and walked out of the hotel so we could walk through town and look around. That was what we were going to do until dinnertime.

We saw a lot of shops and stores that got our interest. We even stopped at a theatre and looked at the posters on the walls that were displaying what movies were playing right now. There was one movie that got our interest and so we found out when the movie and decided to see the movie at that time. We could do that. Then we continued walked

through town and looking around.

It was dinnertime now, and Nancy and I were here at a restaurant called Scalvini now. Eating tutto fantastico and washing it down with a fine red wine. For desert we had raffinato and washed *that* down with more red wine.

We felt better after we had eaten. Then we had coffee. Then I left a nice tip on the table, and then I paid the check, and then Nancy and I left Scalvini and went over to the theatre to see the movie we had agreed to see.

We were here at Scalvini again now. We had seen the movie we had wanted to see. Now we were eating the same thing for dinner we had had the last time we had been here for dinner and talking about the movie we had seen. The movie was called the McClure Agency. It was about a private detective agency that specialized in criminal conspiracies. The movie was American, but it

was in Italian, but it had English subtitles. We liked the movie.

Nancy and I were having the same thing for dessert that we had had the last time we had eaten here at Scalvini.

We felt better after we had eaten. Now we were having coffee. Then I left a nice tip on the table, and then I paid the check, and then Nancy and I left Scalvini so we could go back to the hotel.

Here inside the hotel, Nancy and I reached Nancy's room.

"I had a wonderful time," Nancy told me.

"So did I," I said.

"Maybe we can do it again if we see each other again."

"Yeah. Maybe we can. There is the possibility that we'll see each other again."

Nancy smiled. Then she spoke to me

again: "Would you like to come in for a nightcap?"

"All right. I don't mean to bring this up, but after we have the nightcap you gotta pack."

"I know," she said, smiling. "And I will."

We were here inside her room and standing at the door of her room now. We had had the nightcap. Now Nancy was walking me to the door of her room. It was time now for me to leave and for her to pack.

"We'll have time to have breakfast before I take you to the airport tomorrow," I told Nancy. "I'll meet you in the lobby at eight o'clock tomorrow morning. Then we'll go into the restaurant and have breakfast, and after breakfast you'll check out of the hotel, and then I'll take you to the airport."

Nancy smiled. "All right."

"It'll be best if you stay inside her room



tonight after you pack."

Nancy smiled again. "I'll do that."

"Good."

Then Nancy put her arms around me and kissed me. Then she spoke to me: "That's for wishing you good luck on finding my uncle."

"Well, thank you," I said to her, smiling. "We'll need it." Then I kissed her and spoke to *her* again: "Well. Good night, Ms Sawyer."

"Oh, you can call me Nancy."

"All right. Nancy. You can call me Micah."

"All right. Micah."

Good night. See you tomorrow morning."

"Good night. See you tomorrow morning."

Then I left.

And I left.

For the rest of the evening, I stayed inside

my room and watched TV.

At eleven o'clock, I turned the TV off and set the alarm clock for a time I had wanted to get up at tomorrow morning. Then I got undressed and put my gun underneath the pillow, and then I turned off the light and got into bed and went to sleep.

The next day I was sitting here in the lobby. I had gotten here a few minutes before I was supposed to meet Nancy here in the lobby before we go into the restaurant and have breakfast. Now I was reading my book and keeping track of time while I waited for Nancy to come down.

I looked at my watch again. Eight o'clock. Exactly. Then I looked at the elevator. Nancy didn't come out of it and didn't come into the lobby. Then I realized that maybe she was running a little late. Nothing wrong with that. I went back to reading my book and keeping track of time while I continued waiting for

her.

A couple of minutes later, I looked at my watch again. Then I looked at the elevator again. But Nancy didn't come out of the elevator and didn't come into the lobby. I wondered about this. Then I realized that she might still be running a little late. So I decided to wait for her a little bit longer. I went back to reading my book and keeping track of time while I continued waiting for Nancy.

A few more minutes later, I looked at my watch again. Eight sixteen. Then I looked at the elevator again. But I still didn't see Nancy coming out of it and I still didn't see her come into the lobby. I wondered about this. Then I put my book into my pocket, and then I stood up and walked over to the elevator and took the elevator up to Nancy's room.

When I got here to Nancy's room, I noticed the DO NOT DISTURB sign on the

knob of the door to her room. I wondered about this. Then, out of curiosity, I knocked on the door of her room and said, "Nancy?" No answer. I knocked on the door again and said, "Nancy," again. But again, there was no answer. I wondered about this. Then I turned the knob of the door of her room to go into her room and find out why Nancy hadn't met me in the lobby, but the door was locked. Then I looked around to make sure that no one was going to see me pick the lock of the door of Nancy's room so I can go into her room and find out why she hadn't me down in the lobby. No one was in the hall. So I took my gloves out of my pocket and put them on, and then I took my Apollo Bureau lock pick set out of my pocket and picked the lock of the door of Nancy's room, and then I went into the room and closed the door and put the lock pick set back into my pocket. Then, I stopped suddenly and looked.

Things inside the room had been knocked

around. But Nancy wasn't here. Then I went into the bathroom to look around there. Nothing here in the bathroom had been disturbed. And Nancy wasn't here. Then I went back into the bedroom and looked all around it again. Then I checked the drawers of the dresser. All of them were empty. Then I checked the closet. It was empty, too. Not even a suitcase was inside the closet. Then I looked around for Nancy's purse. It wasn't here. Then I looked inside the bedroom again. Then I realized something bad: Nancy must have been kidnapped. And she must have tried to keep this kidnapper or kidnappers from kidnapping her. That would explain the things inside the room that had been knocked around. She must have put up a struggle. And her kidnapper or kidnappers must have taken her purse and suitcase with them when they had kidnapped Nancy, too.

## CHAPTER VII

Quickly I looked around the room to make sure I hadn't left any fingerprints on anything here inside the room. Even though I *was* swearing gloves. But I had to make sure I hadn't left my fingerprints on anything here inside the room. I didn't. Then I went over to the door of Nancy's room and opened it just enough out into the hall. I didn't see anyone inside the hall. Then I stepped out of the room and closed and locked the door and left the DO NOT DISTURB sign on the door. Then I took my gloves off and put them back into my pocket.

I was walking down the hall now instead of running down the hall so I won't arouse suspicion. I was time now for me to get away from the scene of Nancy's kidnapping. I couldn't be there any longer than I was

supposed to be there. It'd be dangerous if I hung around there any longer than I was supposed to. People would show up and ask me what was going on, but I wouldn't be able to tell them what was going on. And they could call the police, too, and tell what they saw inside Nancy's room and that I was inside Nancy's room, but I couldn't tell the police why I was inside Nancy's room. And right now I had to leave everything Nancy's room the same way I had found it when I had gone into it and had found out why she hadn't gone downstairs to meet me for breakfast. And I had to leave the DO NOT DISTURB sign on the door of her room, too. And it looked like somehow her kidnapper or kidnappers had managed to kidnap her and get her out of her room without being noticed and did. And then the kidnapper or kidnappers had put the DO NOT DISTURB sign on the door to keep people from going into the room and finding out what had happened there. And I had had to leave the

DO NOT DISTURB sign on the door of Nancy's room to keep people from going into her room and find out what had happened there. I was going to have to keep quiet what had happened inside Nancy's room as much as her kidnapper or kidnappers were going to have to.

I was here in *my* room now. I had swept the room for bugs and phone taps and found there weren't any. Now I turned on the TV just loud enough to be heard so I could keep the phone conversation I was going to have with Hoyt from being overheard. Even though my room wasn't bugged and the phone in my room wasn't tapped. But there would be the possibility that someone outside my room could or would hear what Hoyt and I were going to talk about. Then I sat down on the couch and took my Apollo Bureau cell phone out of my pocket and called Hoyt at Italian Riviera HQ and told him what I had discovered inside Nancy's room.



"She what!" Hoyt exclaimed after I had finished.

"That's right," I said. "It looks like someone kidnapped her. And whoever it was that kidnapped her must have kidnapped her without being noticed. A professional job. And the DO NOT DISTURB sign was on the door of her room when I got there to her room to find out why she didn't go downstairs to meet me for breakfast. I left it on the door of her room after I examined her room, too. And I left everything inside her room the same way I found when I went into her room and examined it and when I left her room, also."

"Good."

"My guess is that this person or people kidnapped her sometime between the time last night after she and I had diner, and after I walked her back here to her hotel room, and the time this morning when I went to her

room to find out why she didn't meet me downstairs for breakfast."

"Yeah,"

"My guess is that Giuliano kidnapped her so he could take her to his island, or he had her kidnapped so he could have her taken to his island, and use her to make her uncle make a cremating machine for him so he can do what *he* wants to do with *his* cremating machine."

"Yeah. That is possible.

"Yeah, it is. So now we have two people to look for instead of one."

"I know. We can go ahead as planned about going over to Giuliano Island."

"I know."

"Meet me at my office after sundown tonight. Then we'll work out a plan and go over to Giuliano Island."

"All right,"

"Anything else, Mr. Folster?"

"No, that's it. See ya tonight, Mr. Hoyt."

"See ya tonight, Mr. Folster," Then Hoyt hung up.

So did I. Then I put my Apollo Bureau cell phone back into my pocket and looked at my watch. Eight forty-six.

I was going to have more than enough time to have breakfast before I meet Hoyt at his office tonight. And after I have breakfast, I was going to go back to my room and sleep, and then I was going to go down to the restaurant and have dinner, and then I was going to go keep the meeting with Hoyt. I had a feeling I was going to need to sleep and eat before I keep the meeting with Hoyt. It would help. I turned off the TV and left the room and locked it so I could go down to the restaurant.

Here inside the restaurant, I was eating a delicious hot Italian sausage and scrambled egg breakfast and washing it down with grapefruit juice and coffee.

I felt better after I had eaten. Then I had more coffee and left a nice tip on the table, and then I paid the check and left the restaurant, and then I went back to my room and got out my pocket size Apollo Bureau bug and phone tap detector and swept the room for bugs and phone taps.

There were no bugs or phone taps. The room was clean. So was the phone. Then I put my Apollo Bureau bug and phone tap detector back into my pocket, and then I set the alarm clock for a time I had wanted to get up at tonight, and then I put my gun underneath the pillow, and then I got undressed and got into bed and went to sleep.

A few hours later, I was here inside the restaurant again. I had gotten up at the time I

had wanted to get up at. Then I had shaved and had showered and had gotten dressed and had come down here to the restaurant to have dinner. Now I was eating a delicious spaghetti dinner and washing it down with a fine red wine.

I felt better after I had eaten. Now I had more coffee and put a nice tip on the table, and then I paid the check and left the restaurant, and then I walked out of the hotel and got into my car and started it up, and then I drove out of the parking lot and turned onto the street and drove down the street and drove over to Hoyt's office.

I was here at Hoyt's office now. So were Hoyt and Beverly. We sat around Hoyt's desk and worked out our plan of action.

After we worked out the plan, we decided on when to execute the plan. Then we left Hoyt's office and Hoyt and Beverly went home and turned in, and I went back to the

hotel and swept the room for bugs and phone taps and discovered there weren't any, and then I turned in. Tomorrow Beverly and Hoyt and I were going to get ready to work out our plan of action.

And did. After that Hoyt and Beverly and I left Hoyt's office, and then Hoyt and Beverly went home and rested up, and I went back to the hotel and looked for bugs and phone taps again, and discovered there weren't any, and then I rested up, too.

A few hours later, it was nice and dark out. Beverly was here at the beach. Waiting for me.

I arrived here at the beach, and then Beverly took her cream white Apollo Bureau cell phone out of her black back pack and called Hoyt at Italian Riviera HQ and told him I had just arrived here at the beach. Hoyt was controlling the operation from Italian Riviera HQ. One of the things he was going to

do in the operation was wait for seventy two hours. But if he weren't going to hear from Beverly or me or the both of us at the end of that time, then he and his men were going to go over to Giuliano Island and look around there.

After Beverly and Hoyt finished talking, they hung up, and then Beverly hid her Apollo Bureau cell phone inside the secret compartment of the glove compartment of her car. She wasn't going to use her Apollo Bureau cell phone when she and I were going go over to Giuliano Island and look around there. She didn't want to have it with her. Giuliano might be discover it and confiscate it. Then she collected her black back pack and got out of her cream white sports car and locked the car.

She was wearing the top of a light green bikini and blue jeans and white tennis.

Then she hid the keys of her car behind

the chassis of her car and above the right front tire of her car. She wasn't going to need to use her car in the operation. Since she and I were going to go over to Giuliano Island by boat.

I pulled up next to Beverly's car and parked *my* car here, and then I took collected *my* back pack and got out of the car, and then I locked the car, and then I hid the keys to the car behind the chassis of the car and above the right front tire of my car. I wasn't going to need to use the car in the operation for the same reason that Beverly wasn't going to need to use *her* car in the operation. Then I took *my* Apollo Bureau cell phone out of my pocket and hid *it* inside the same place I was hiding the keys to *my* car in. I wasn't going to take *my* Apollo Bureau cell phone with me for the same reason that Beverly wasn't going to take *her* Apollo Bureau cell phone with me.

Then Beverly walked over to the boat to get into it. While Beverly and I were going to



go over to Giuliano Island and look around there, some of Hoyt's men were going to stay here on the Riviera and watch Beverly's car and mine to make sure that no one would find and steal our Apollo Bureau cell phones and the keys to our cars and other things inside the cars and the cars themselves. And they were going to resume watching our cars to make sure that no one would find and steal our Apollo Bureau cell phones and the keys to our cars and anything else inside the cars if Hoyt and his men go over to Giuliano Island and look around there if they don't hear from Beverly or me or the both of us at the end of seventy two hours, too.

When Beverly and I reached the boat, we put our back packs into the boat, and then we got into the boat, and then I revved up the motor of the boat, and then Beverly and I pulled away from the beach so that she and I can go over to Giuliano Island and look around there.

## CHAPTER VIII

"There's Giuliano Island," Beverly told me as she and I got closer and closer to the island.

I took my Apollo Bureau binoculars out of my back pack and looked through them at the island through in infrared mode. The island was long and covered with palm trees and foliage. Then I saw the sign on the island. It read:

GIULIANO ISLAND

NO TRESPASSING

PRIVATE PROPERTY

VIOLATORS WILL BE PROSECUTED

TO GET PERMISSION TO LAND ON THE  
ISLAND AND DO WHAT YOU WANT TO DO ON

## THE ISLAND, CALL GUIDO GIULIANO.

Then a phone number came after the message.

I put my Apollo Bureau binoculars back into my back pack, and then Beverly and I circled around the island and brought the boat up to the beach. Then I turned the motor off, and then Beverly and I pulled the boat up to the sand and looked around for a good place to hide the boat. We found it: the foliage. Then we dragged the boat up to the foliage and pushed it into the foliage and took our back packs out of the boat. Then we looked at the foliage. It looked like we had done a good job at hiding the boat inside the foliage. We could hardly see the boat in the foliage. Then Beverly and I kicked sand into our footprints and into the prints the boat had made in the sand when Beverly and I had dragged the boat up to the beach and had hid the boat in the foliage. Then Beverly and I walked through the foliage and onto the

island and looked around. We saw more foliage. We walked further through the island and looked around. This time we saw some open ground as well as we saw more foliage.

"So far we haven't seen anything else besides foliage and open ground," Beverly said. "Like a house or a hut or a cave."

"No," I confirmed. "We haven't. But that doesn't mean we won't. Or maybe we'll see something underground. If Giuliano is holding Nancy Sawyer and her uncle here on the island, then Ms. Sawyer and her uncle will be in a place that's here on the island. He wouldn't be able to hold them very well in this foliage and open land. We'll have to keep looking until we find something Ms Sawyer and her uncle would be in, or until we find Ms Sawyer and her uncle themselves."

"Of course,"

Beverly and I came to a pond and decided to take a break. Then we took our backpacks

off and sat down at the pond and took sandwiches and thermoses out of our backpacks and poured and sipped coffee and ate our sandwiches.

We felt better after we had eaten. We were putting our thermoses back into our backpacks and putting our backpacks back on so we could leave the pond and continue the search when we heard something. We listened.

"What is it?" Beverly asked.

"I don't know," I answered. "But whatever it is, it's coming in this direction."

Quickly Beverly took her Colt .38 out of one of the pockets of her jeans, and *I* took *my* gun out of one of the pockets of *my* jeans, and then the both of us looked around.

"We'd better take cover," I stressed.

Then Beverly and I looked around for some cover. We found it: more foliage and

some boulders. We ran over to them. Then we heard shots. When we got to the cover, we got behind it and fired back at whoever it was that was firing at us. Then they fired at us. We were able to see how many of them there were: nine. All of them men. They had machine guns in their hands and they were wearing pistols. I didn't like this: two pistols against nine machine guns and nine more pistols. They kept firing at Beverly and me. But then Beverly and I got two of them. They fell to the ground, pulling the trigger on their machine guns. Then they stopped pulling the triggers on their machine guns. And then they stopped moving. And then one of the other men who was still alive shot at Beverly. And then he hit her. I heard her yelp and saw her fall down to the ground, lifeless.

"Oh, my god!" I exclaimed.

Then one of the other men who was still alive pointed *his* machine gun up in the air and shot off a few rounds. Then he spoke:

"You. Inside the foliage." His accent was French. "Or are you behind one of the rocks. As you may have surmised, we have machine guns. And you must have just a pistol. And your girlfriend must have had a pistol, too. Because of these circumstances, you won't win. I suggest that you throw out your pistol and come out."

I thought about what he said. Then I realized that he may be right about what he had just told me. So I threw my gun out in front of me, and the gun landed on the sand.

"Very wise decision, monsieur," the Frenchman said.

"I'm coming out," I said. Then I came out with my hands up in the air.

"Let's go," another man said. His accent was German. Then he told me which direction to go in, and I went in that direction, and the German and the Frenchman and the other men went with me,

and all of the men held their guns on me.

We came to a cave, and then we went into the cave and walked through it. When we came to what looked like a door in one of the walls of the cave, the German told me to stop. I did. Then he took a remote control out of his pocket and aimed it at the door, and then he pressed a button on the remote control, and then the door in the wall of the cave moved back. Then the German told me to get into the elevator and I did, and then the German and the Frenchman and one of the other men got into the elevator, and then the elevator door closed, and then the elevator went down.

The elevator stopped, and then the door of the elevator opened, and then the German told me to get out, and I did, and then the German and the Frenchman and the other man got out of the elevator, and then the German told me to turn right and walk, and I did, and the German and the Frenchman and



the other man went with me, and then we came to what looked like a door, and the door on was on the opposite side of the hall the elevator was on. There was no knob on the door. The German told me to stop, and I did, and then the German took the same remote control out of his pocket that opened the door of the elevator, and then he aimed it at the door and pressed a button on the remote control, and then the light on the door glowed, and then I heard a bolt sliding back, and then the door opened and swung back. Now I looked at what was beyond the door: a room. It was small and a bed was on one of the side of the room, and a toilet and a wash basin were on the other side of the room. There was nothing else inside the room. Then the German told me to go into the room, and I did, and then the door closed. Then I heard the bolt sliding back into place. I also noticed there was no knob on the door. Then I realized something: now I was inside a locked room. But I didn't know why I was here. I

didn't like this.

## CHAPTER IX

I was sleeping now. There wasn't anything else in my assignment I could do right now, and I had gotten sleepy, and I had gotten the chance to sleep, so I had taken it. I didn't know when I was going to get the chance to sleep again. Then, I heard something. I stirred, then came awake and looked to where I heard the sound and listened. Then I heard the same sound I had heard before: it was the sound of the bolt sliding back. Then, I saw the door open and swing back. Then I looked out into the hall. Then I saw the German again. He was standing out in the hall. And he had the remote control in his hand, too. He spoke to me: "It's time for breakfast,"

"Really," I said. Then I looked at my watch. Ten o'clock.

"Ya," he said.

"All right," Then I sat up and put my shoes on, and then I walked out of the room, and then the German closed the door to the room the same way he had opened it, and then he told me what direction to walk into, and I walked in that direction, and the German went with me.

We came to a room, and then the German told me to go into the room, and I did, and then the German continued walking down the hall.

The room I was standing in now was yellow and long and rectangular and wide, with a champagne carpet, and lining one of the walls of the room were a beige couch with a white coffee table before the couch, and a beige recliner chair, and a small shiny black table beside the chair, and opposite the chair and the couch and the coffee table were a black TV with VCR and DVD player and a

DVR, and on either side of the TV and VCR and DVD player and DVR, were cedar cabinets with videocassettes and DVD's and other things of interest in the cabinets. And further down the room was a long blond wood table and matching armchairs surrounding the table.

Then, I stopped suddenly and looked.

Nancy and Dr. Sawyer were inside the room. They had gotten up from the couch when they saw me and stood in the room.

Nancy was wearing white tank tops and white pants with violet flowers and white tennis shoes, and Dr. Sawyer was wearing a blue T-shirt and white jeans and white tennis shoes.

I walked over to them.

"Micah," Nancy said.

"Nancy," I said. Then I looked at Dr. Sawyer and spoke to him: "And Dr. Sawyer, I

presume."

"Yes," Dr. Sawyer said. "I'm Dr. Sawyer."

"I'm Micah Folster,"

Then Dr. Sawyer and I shook hands. Dr. Sawyer's grip was strong.

Nancy was about to talk to Dr. Sawyer and me when she and Dr. Sawyer and I heard something and looked to where we heard it.

Luciana had walked out of the kitchen and into the room that Dr. Sawyer and Nancy and I were in. She was wearing a yellow blouse and white pants and white tennis shoes. She smiled at us and spoke to us: "Breakfast will be ready in a few minutes." Then she went back into the kitchen.

Giuliano came into the room. He was wearing a long sleeve yellow shirt, no tie, open collar, white pants and white tennis shoes."

"Bon journo," he said. "I trust all of you have slept well?"

We said we did.

Then Giuliano looked at me and spoke to me: "I imagine you have met Dr. Sawyer?"

"Yes, I have." I said.

"You already know Signora Sawyer. We found out that you met her when we found out that she and you were looking for Dr. Sawyer." Then Giuliano looked at Dr. Sawyer and spoke to him: "Signore Folster is with Realm Insurance. He's been looking for you. His company wants to know why you didn't go back to Washington after you took your vacation."

I was relieved. Although I didn't show it. My cover hadn't been blown. He must have known I was an insurance investigator. He must not have known I was a secret agent. So far, so good. But, of course, there was no

guarantee that my cover wouldn't get blown later. Maybe it would. Maybe it wouldn't.

"Oh, really," Dr. Sawyer said.

"That's right," I confirmed.

"And now you've found him, Signore Folster," Giuliano pointed out to me.

"Yes," I said. "I have."

Luciana had walked out of the kitchen and into the room that Giuliano and Dr. Sawyer and Nancy and I were in again and smiled at us and spoke to us: "Breakfast is ready."

"Come," Giuliano said to Dr. Sawyer and Nancy and me and smiled at us. "Let's have breakfast. And after breakfast, we'll talk. I think we have a lot to talk about."

Then Giuliano and Luciana and Dr. Sawyer and Nancy and I went to the table.



## CHAPTER X

Giuliano and Dr. Sawyer and Nancy and I were sitting at the table now, and Luciana placed plates of food before Giuliano and Dr. Sawyer and Nancy and me.

"Luciana likes to cook," Giuliano told Dr. Sawyer and Nancy and me. "That's why she's serving us."

After Luciana had finished placing the plates of food on the table, she sat down at the table, and then all of us started to eat. We didn't talk while we ate.

We felt better after we had eaten. The hot Italian sausage and scrambled egg and fried potato breakfast we had eaten was good, and we had washed it down with grapefruit juice and coffee. Now we were having more coffee.

I looked at Luciana and smiled at her and spoke to her: "Breakfast was good."

"Grazie," she said.

"Prego," I said. "You set a fine table."

"Grazie,"

"Prego,"

"I'm glad you liked the breakfast," Giuliano said. "Now. As I said: I think we have a lot to talk about." Then Giuliano looked at me and spoke to me: "Like you must have thought Dr. Sawyer was here on my island when you looked for him."

"Yes. I did." I said. I thought there wouldn't be anything wrong with my telling him that. "I found out about this island of yours in the course of my looking for Dr. Sawyer. I thought maybe he'd be on this island. That's why I came here. I did have to find him. As I said, I had to find him and find out why he didn't go back to Washington

after he took his vacation."

"Yes, you did. And now you have found him, and now you need to ask him why he didn't go back to Washington after he took his vacation. Well, *I* will tell you why he didn't go back to Washington after he took his vacation, and after I tell you why he didn't go back to Washington after he took his vacation, I'm afraid that you and Dr. Sawyer and Signora Sawyer will not be able to go back to Washington."

"Why?" I asked him. Even though I had a good idea why he wasn't going to let Dr. Sawyer and Nancy and me go back to Washington. Not only that, I needed to be careful about what to say to Giuliano and Luciana. So far, my cover hadn't blown. So far, Giuliano and Luciana thought I was an insurance investigator and not a secret agent. So far, so good.

"Because you have witnessed a killing on

my island for one thing," Giuliano answered. "The girl you came with? The blonde? We found out who she was. Her name was Beverly Vikor. She was a private investigator for the Transector Detective Agency. You must have hired her to help you look for Dr. Sawyer."

Nancy and Dr. Sawyer didn't look or sound shocked when Giuliano had told me that Beverly had been killed. Which meant that Giuliano or Luciana or someone else who was here on the island must have told her Beverly had been killed.

"Yes, I did," I said.

"Another reason why you and Dr. Sawyer and Signora Sawyer aren't going to go back to Washington is because I have plans for Dr. Sawyer. And I am very glad to say Signora Sawyer is helping me execute those plans. I found out that Dr. Sawyer created a weapon that cremates things. I wanted a weapon that

cremates things. So I had Dr. Sawyer kidnapped and smuggled onto the island so I could have him make a cremating weapon for me. He refused to do it. Then, when we found out Signora Sawyer came to the Italian Riviera from Washington to look for her uncle, we decided to kidnap her and bring her here to the island so we can use her to make Dr. Sawyer make a cremating weapon for me and did. Now Dr. Sawyer is making *my* cremating weapon."

I looked surprised and shocked at what he told me. I had to. I didn't want to say or do something that would tell him I was a secret agent and that I had been looking for Dr. Sawyer because the President wanted him found. So far, he thought I was an insurance investigator and not a secret agent. So far.

"That's right," Giuliano repeated to me. "I found out that Dr. Sawyer had created a weapon that cremates things and I want a cremating weapon of my own."

I continued looking surprised and shocked. "What do you plan to do with *your* cremating weapon once Dr. Sawyer has created it for you?"

"Take over the world,"

"You've gotta be joking,"

"I am not joking. I am serious. Once I have *my* cremating weapon, I will take over the world."

"Well, I've heard that other people before you have tried to take over the world and they failed."

Giuliano smiled. "You think I'm crazy."

"Just like the other people before you who have tried to take over the world and they failed."

"No matter. But you and Signora Sawyer and Dr. Sawyer will get to see me take over the world. I have it planned: I will have a

satellite launched into the air. From that satellite I will be able to see the world and cremate what I see on the planet with *my* cremating weapon. *My* cremating weapon will be here on the island. I will run a test on *my* cremating weapon to see if it works by cremating some things on the planet, and then I will get on the microphone and tell the world I am taking over the world. Anyone who tries to stop me from taking over the world will be cremated. And I will televise a demonstration of *my* cremating machine to tell the world I will do what I say."

I smiled and shook my head.

Dr. Sawyer and Nancy and Giuliano and the German and I were here inside another room now. Luciana was washing the dishes from breakfast and putting into the refrigerator the food that was left over from breakfast. Now Nancy and Giuliano and the German and I were watching Dr. Sawyer and some other people build Giuliano's cremating

machine. Giuliano told me that those people who were helping Dr. Sawyer build Giuliano's cremating machine were working for him and that they were scientists, too.

"I really don't need to see this again," Nancy said to Giuliano.

"No," Giuliano "You don't."

Then Nancy went over to her uncle and hugged her, and he hugged her back, and then Dr. Sawyer went back to creating Giuliano's cremating machine, and Giuliano watched him make it, and Nancy noticed his watching her uncle creating Giuliano's cremating machine, and then she walked over to me and whispered to me: "I need to talk to you. But not here." Then she spoke up when she spoke to me again: "I imagine *you* don't need to see this, either?"

"No," I said. "I don't need to see this."

Then Nancy told Giuliano that she'd like



to go up to the surface of the island and see the island. She also told Giuliano that *I'd* like to go with her.

"All right," Then Giuliano looked at me and spoke to me: "You and Signora Sawyer can go up to the surface of the island and see the island by yourselves. I have men patrolling the island. And their armed. So you won't be able to escape." Then Giuliano told the German to take Nancy and me up to the surface of the island. Since he had the remote control to the door of the elevator going up to and down from the island. Then Nancy and I left, and the German went with us.

Nancy and the German and I reached the mouth of the cave, and then the German turned around and walked back into the cave to rejoin Giuliano, and Nancy and I walked out of the cave. We looked around, but we didn't see any of the patrolmen that Giuliano had told us about. But, of course, that didn't mean that we wouldn't see them later. What

we did see was the daylight. The sun was white shining brightly through the clear blue sky.

Nancy put her arms around me and hugged me.

"It's good to see you again," she said to me.

I put *my* arms around her and hugged *her*.

"It's nice to see *you* again," I told her.

"I tried to talk to you and my uncle when you and my uncle and I were in Giuliano's retreat," Nancy said to me. "But I couldn't when Giuliano came into the room. I wanted to tell my uncle that's you're a government agent and that you were looking for him. I hadn't been able to do that until now. Ever since I was kidnapped and brought to the island, Giuliano and his people were watching my uncle and me. I couldn't tell him anything privately at that time."

"Probably because they wanted to keep a good eye on you and your uncle," I said. "But now that they know that you and your uncle can't escape, they won't have to watch you and your uncle so much. That'll give you and your uncle some room to breathe in."

"Yes."

"Well, somehow, I'm going to have to keep Giuliano from carrying out his plan to take over the world, and you and your uncle and I are going to have to escape. But if I can't keep Giuliano from carrying out his plan to take over the world, and if you and your uncle and I can't escape, then our man on the Riviera and his men will come here and put Giuliano out of business and rescue you and your uncle and me."

"Oh, really?"

"Yes. They have orders to come here and rescue you and your uncle and me if they haven't heard from me in three days."

"I see,"

"But we'll tell your uncle this privately at the first opportunity. If we tell him while Giuliano and his people are around, they'll be prepared for our man on the Riviera and his men."

"I understand,"

"Good,"

Nancy and I were walking through the island now, and this time we saw men patrolling the island. They were on either side of Nancy and me. And they did have machine guns, and they were wearing pistols. But they were several yards away from Nancy and me. Out of hearing range. They saw us, but left us alone as they patrolled the area. Giuliano must have told them to leave us alone, but keep on an eye on us to make sure we don't escape.

"Boy," Nancy said. "Giuliano sure is

making it impossible for us to escape. Those men with the machine guns and pistols. And we don't see any boats here. And I haven't seen any boats here when I was brought to the island. And Uncle Curt told me *he* didn't see any boats when *he* was brought here, either. All we've seen ever since we got here, and still see, are men with machine guns and pistols. And Giuliano hasn't told us if they are boats here, either."

"Which means that Giuliano still is making it impossible for you and your uncle to escape."

"That's right,"

"Well, I don't think Giuliano and his people know about the boat that Ms Viktor and I came here in. Then we hid it here on the island. If they *did* know about the boat, they would have told us and destroyed the boat."

"So we might get off the island if your man on the Riviera and *his* men don't show up."

"That's right. All we have to do is overpower Giuliano and his people and put Giuliano out of business, and then you and your uncle and I can escape."

"Of course,"

Then I told Nancy where the boat was. "This is important," I told her after I had finished telling her where the boat was. "We must not tell your uncle where the boat is while Giuliano and his people are around. If we do, they'll go to where Ms Viktor hid the boat and destroy it."

"I understand,"

"Good. When we were watching your uncle and those people assemble Giuliano's cremating machine, I noticed that Giuliano's cremating machine had been put together awful fast. It looks like it's almost completed."

"It is. And then, pretty soon, Giuliano will be able to test his cremating machine and

take over the world with it. He will let us know when *his* cremating machine is completed so he can have us see him test his machine and use it to take over the world."

"Well, I've thought of one way to help us overpower Giuliano and his people before we put them out of business and escape: we cause a distraction of some kind."

Nancy looked at me intently. Then she spoke: "Of course,"

Then Nancy and I talked about what kind of distract we could cause.

"I've been looking for you,"

Nancy and I turned to face speaker--the German. He had run up to us, and then he stopped and spoke to Nancy and me again: "It's time for lunch."

"Oh, really," I said.

"Ya."

"Well, then let's go have it."

Then Nancy and the German and I walked in the same direction that the German had come from.



## CHAPTER XI

Nancy and her uncle and Giuliano and I were here inside Giuliano's underground retreat and inside the dining room now. Sitting around the same table we had had breakfast at and eating a delicious chicken Alfredo lunch that Luciana had made and washing it down with white wine. And for dessert we had spumoni ice cream.

We felt better after we had eaten. Now we were having coffee.

"Lunch was great," I told Luciana.

"Grazie," Luciana said.

Everyone else said lunch was great, too. And Luciana thanked them.

"I'm glad all of you enjoyed lunch,"

Giuliano told us. "Now I have an announcement to make: my cremating machine will be ready for me to test and use tomorrow. I will let you know when tomorrow all of you will see me test and use my cremating machine."

I didn't like this, but I realized that tomorrow would be the best time for Nancy and me to cause the distraction and overpower and put Giuliano and his people out of business. I thought of a way for Nancy and me to cause the distraction before Nancy and I overpower and put Giuliano and his people out of business.

Nancy and Giuliano and the German and I were in the room that Dr. Sawyer and the other scientists were building Giuliano's cremating machine in now. Luciana was in the kitchen and washing dishes and putting into the refrigerator the leftover food from

lunch. Now Nancy and Giuliano and the German and I were watching Dr. Sawyer and the other scientists continue building Giuliano's cremating machine. And it did look like it was almost completed.

When Giuliano and the German weren't looking at Nancy and me, I whispered into Nancy's ear: "I need to talk to you. But not here. Instead, we can talk up on the surface." Then I spoke up when I spoke to Nancy again: "I imagine you'd like to go up to the surface right now?"

"Yes, I would,"

Then I told Giuliano where Nancy and I were going to be. Then Giuliano told the German to escort Nancy and me up to the surface.

We were here up at the surface now. Nancy and I walked out of the cave, and the German turned around and walked back into the cave to rejoin Giuliano. Then I casually

looked around to see if any of Giuliano's men were patrolling the area right now. I didn't see any. Then I spoke to Nancy: "I came up with an idea on how to cause that distraction: one of us or both of us can put a fork into Giuliano's cremating machine when it's activated. I have a couple of forks." Then I took the forks out of my pocket and showed them to Nancy. Then I put them back into my pocket.

Nancy smiled.

"I managed to put them into my pocket when we had lunch without anyone seeing me doing it. We can cause that distraction tomorrow when Giuliano tests and uses his cremating machine and has us see him test and use the machine. Tomorrow will be the best time to cause the distraction."

"Yeah," Then Nancy stopped smiling. "But tomorrow will be the only time we can cause the distraction."

"I know. But it's a chance we'll have to take. But, of course, if we can come up with another way of causing the distraction before tomorrow, then we'll cause that distraction tomorrow."

"Of course,"

Nancy and I continued walking through the island and continued talking about our plan of action.

About four hours later, the German appeared and told Nancy and me it was dinnertime now. We walked back to the cave.

Nancy and her uncle and Giuliano and Luciana and I were inside Giuliano's underground retreat and sitting in the dining room now. Sitting around the table and eating Spaghetti and meatballs and washing it down with a fine red wine. And for dessert we had spumoni ice cream.

We felt good after we had eaten. Now we

were having coffee.

Nancy and I were on the surface of the island now. We had wanted to go up to the surface after we had eaten. We didn't want to see any more of Dr. Sawyer and the other scientists' building Giuliano's cremating machine. And Giuliano had let Nancy and me come up here to the surface. Right now Giuliano and the German were down in Giuliano's underground retreat and in the room Giuliano's cremating machine was being built in and watching Dr. Sawyer and the other scientists continue building Giuliano's cremating machine. Now Nancy and I were walking through the island.

It was dark out now. Although moonlight sifted through the sky.

The German appeared and told Nancy and me it was time for us to return to the cave and go down to Giuliano's retreat and turn in go get a good night's sleep for what we were

going to do tomorrow.

Then Nancy and the German and I went to the cave.

## CHAPTER XII

Nancy and her uncle and Giuliano and Luciana and the German and the scientists who had helped Dr. Sawyer assemble Giuliano's cremating machine were here inside the room that Dr. Sawyer and the other scientists had assembled Giuliano's cremating machine in now. Nancy and her uncle and Giuliano and Luciana and I had had breakfast. Now Nancy and Giuliano and Luciana and the German and the other scientists who had helped Dr. Sawyer's assemble Giuliano's machine were watching Dr. Sawyer activating Giuliano's cremating machine. He was sitting behind the console and flicking switches and pressing buttons, and then lights on the console came on. While Dr. Sawyer was activating Giuliano's cremating machine, Giuliano told Nancy and me that the satellite



to Giuliano's cremating machine had already had launched. It was in the air now. We watched the screen that had been built into the wall on the other side of the room and saw the sky and the sun and land and sea and buildings. Nancy and I were standing next to each other. When everyone else wasn't looking, I slipped one of the forks out of my pocket and into one of the pockets of the coat that Nancy was wearing, and then, casually, I walked over to the console. *I* was going to try to disable Giuliano's cremating machine, but if *I* weren't going to be able to disable Giuliano's cremating machine, Nancy would try to disable Giuliano's cremating machine.

When I got here behind Giuliano's cremating machine, I looked at what Dr. Sawyer was doing. I walked over to the works in the drawer. I had seen Dr. Sawyer and the other scientists put this drawer in the console when they had assembled Giuliano's cremating machine.

When I reached the works in the drawer, I looked down. Then I spoke to everyone else: "What do you know? The lace on one of my shoes isn't tied."

No one paid attention to what I said. Then they resumed watching the TV screen. Then I bent down "to tie my shoe." Then, I opened the works in the drawer, and then I took the fork out of my pocket and put it into the cremating machine, and then I closed the drawer. Then I stood up and spoke to everyone else: "There. My shoe lace is tied."

No one paid any attention to what I said. Then they resumed watching the TV screen. And I walked back to where I had stood and stood there--then it happened--the cremating machine rumbled--smoke was coming out of the machine--puffs of smoke appeared from explosions occurring from inside the machine.

"What is it?!" Giuliano demanded.

"I don't know," Dr. Sawyer. Then he examined the board to see what was wrong.

Then Giuliano and Luciana and the German and the other scientists rushed over to the cremating machine to see what was wrong. The machine continued rumbling and smoking. And more puffs of smoke appeared from inside the machine. Then I rushed the German and chopped his Adam's apple with the edge of my hand, and then I grabbed a hold of his machine gun, but before I could push him out of my way with my foot, someone else got behind me and grabbed a hold of me. Then I threw him over my shoulder and then he fell down to the floor. It was Giuliano. Quickly I shot him with the machine gun. Then, quickly, I shot the German with the machine gun. Then I turned around. Then I saw Nancy and her uncle and Luciana and the other scientists looking at me. No doubt they had heard and had seen me overpower Giuliano and the German and

kill them. Now I shot Luciana and the other scientists with the machine gun. Now they fell down to the ground.

Dr. Sawyer looked at me and spoke to me: "You killed them."

"Yes, I did," I admitted. "I had to. They would have killed us. They knew that *we* knew what Giuliano was going to do with *his* cremating machine. And they also knew that I had seen them kill Beverly Vikor. And in a few minutes Giuliano's cremating machine will be destroyed. I put a fork into the works of the machine. I had to. To destroy Giuliano's cremating machine. Now he won't be able to take over the world."

"And now *I'll* be able to tell you what I couldn't tell you before, Uncle Curt," Nancy said. "Mr. Folster isn't an insurance investigator. Instead, he's a government agent. And his assignment was to find you and find out why you didn't go back to

Washington after you took your vacation."

"That's right," I confirmed. "I am a government agent. My cover story *is* insurance investigator. And my assignment was to find you and find out why you didn't go back to Washington after you took your vacation."

"The President got concerned when he found out you disappeared." Nancy said.

"I imagine he did," Dr. Sawyer said. "I was looking forward to having that meeting with him."

"Well, you can still have that meeting with him if we get out of here," I pointed out to Dr. Sawyer. "There are the rest of Giuliano's people that we have to contend with before we get out of here."

"Of course," Dr. Sawyer said.

Then I told Dr. Sawyer how we were going to get off of the island after we contend with

the rest of Giuliano's people and where the boat that Beverly and I had come here to Giuliano Island in was and why we had put it in that place. Then I went over to the German and unbuckled his gun belt. His gun was still in the holster. Then I gave the gun and the belt to Dr. Sawyer and spoke to him: "There. Now you have a gun," Then, out of curiosity, I went over to Giuliano to see if *he* had a gun. He was wearing a coat, and the gun might be in his shoulder holster. When I reached him I checked to see if he *were* wearing a shoulder holster. He was, and then I saw the gun in it. I took the gun out of the shoulder holster. It was a small, thick automatic. I gave the gun to Nancy, and then I went back to the German to see if he had more clips to his machine gun in his pocket or pockets and to see if he had that remote control inside his pocket. I was going to need the remote control as well as I was going to need more clips to the German's machine gun. I found more clips to the German's machine gun inside the German's

pockets and put them into *my* pockets, and then I found the remote control and took *that* out of the German's pocket and put it into *my* pocket. Then I went back to Dr. Sawyer and Nancy and spoke to them: "O.K. Now. Let's get out of here." Then we proceeded to the entrance to the room, and then we stopped when I said, "Wait," to Dr. Sawyer and Nancy. Then I emptied a few rounds from the German's machine gun into Giuliano's cremating machine. That would help destroy the machine. Then Nancy and Dr. Sawyer and I ran out of the room. Then we heard an explosion. Quickly we looked to where we heard the explosion. Then we saw smoke and fragments coming out of the room Giuliano's cremating machine had been created in. Then I ran back to the room and looked inside it to see if the cremating machine had been destroyed. It had been destroyed. Then I ran back to Dr. Sawyer and Nancy, and then all three of us ran down the hall until we came to an elevator. Then I took the remote control

out of my pocket and aimed it at the door of the elevator and pressed a button on the remote control, and then the elevator door slid back. Then Nancy and Dr. Sawyer and I got into the elevator, and then the elevator door closed, and then the elevator went up.

The elevator stopped, and then we got out of it and ran down the hall.

When we got to the mouth of the cave, Dr. Sawyer and I got up against one of the walls of the cave, and Nancy got up against the wall on the other side of the cave, and then all three of us looked outside the cave. So far we didn't see any more of Giuliano's people.

"O.K.," I said. "Let's go."

Then Nancy and Dr. Sawyer and I ran out of the cave.

On our way to the boat, we saw more of Giuliano's people. They opened up on us with



their machine guns. Quickly Dr. Sawyer and Nancy and I dove onto the ground and then Dr. Sawyer opened up on them with the German's pistol and Nancy opened up on them with Giuliano's pistol and I opened up on them with the German's machine gun. We killed all of them. Then we got to our feet, and then we continued running to the boat.

When we reached the boat, all three of us pulled the boat out of the foliage and onto the sand, and then we pushed the boat across the sand and into the water, and then we jumped into the water, and then I revved up the motor of the boat, and then the motor came to life, and then we sped away from the island. As we did that, Dr. Sawyer and Nancy and I looked behind us and at the island to see if any more of Giuliano's people would appear and see us escape and shoot at us. They did. Then they opened up on us with their machine guns, and then Dr. Sawyer opened up on them with the German's pistol,

and Nancy opened up on them with Giuliano's pistol, and I opened up on them with the German's machine gun. Now all of them fell down to the ground and died. And Dr. Sawyer and Nancy and I got further and further away from the island.

We arrived here on the Italian Riviera and went up to the sand, and then I turned off the motor of the boat. Then we got out of the boat, and then I went over to my car and withdrew the keys to my car and my Apollo Bureau cell phone from their hiding places, and then I called Hoyt and told him that I had found Dr. Sawyer and Nancy and that they were with me right now and that all three of us were here on the Riviera right now. Then I told him that Beverly was dead. Then I told him how she had died and why. Then I offered him my condolences. After that we decided on when to meet at Hoyt's office so I could give him a full report on what had happened on Giuliano Island and to see what

we were going to have to do next and to see that Dr. Sawyer and Nancy return to Washington. Then we hung up. After that I told Nancy and Dr. Sawyer what Hoyt and I had just talked about without telling them what organization that Hoyt and I worked for. There was still no reason to tell them what organization we worked for.

## CHAPTER XIII

A few days later, I was back here in Washington and inside Mrs. Kincaid's office. Mr. Hoyt and I had had our meeting, and I had told him what had happened on Giuliano Island and now Giuliano and his people were dead and Giuliano's plan to take over the world had been stopped, and *his* cremating machine he was going to use to take over the world with had been destroyed, and then Hoyt and I had seen to it that Nancy and Dr. Sawyer returned here to Washington, and then Hoyt and more of his men and I had gone over to Giuliano Island and made sure that there were no more of Giuliano's people on the island, and we had discovered there weren't, and then we had destroyed the entire island with dynamite. Then I had returned here to Washington. Now I was giving Mrs.

Kincaid my report on my assignment, and then Mrs. Kincaid told me that Nancy and her uncle *were* here in Washington now, and Nancy had gone back to work at the parcel delivery place, and Dr. Sawyer and the President had had their meeting about Dr. Sawyer's cremating machine.

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," I told Mrs. Kincaid after she had finished.

"After Mr. Hoyt told me that you kept Giuliano from taking over the world the way he had planned," Mrs. Kincaid then told me. "He also told me that when you and Mr. Hoyt saw about getting Dr. Sawyer and his niece back here to Washington, you told Dr. Sawyer that we were going to have to find and destroy the satellite to Giuliano's cremating machine. And then Dr. Sawyer volunteered to help us destroy the satellite after we find it. He said he wanted to help us destroy the satellite after we find it. He said he wanted to help us destroy Giuliano's dream of taking

over the world. And so he made a cremating bomb for us to destroy the satellite with, and then we destroyed the satellite with the cremating bomb after we found the satellite."

"I see. Well, that was nice of Dr. Sawyer to volunteer to help us find and destroy that satellite."

"Yes, it was. We were also able to find out more about Giuliano and his people," Mrs. Kincaid then told me. "Giuliano had worked for Counterespionage of Italian Army Intelligence, and after he had been honorably discharged from the Army, he and his people had gotten into the business of finding out about things and getting their hands on those things and doing what they wanted to do with those things."

"Oh, really?"

"And they used Giuliano Island as their base of operations."

"I see,"

"Some of those people were Italian, and some of them were German, and some of them were French, and some of them were Russian, and the rest of them were Japanese."

"An international gang, huh?"

"That's right. And we're making sure that the other people who find out about things and get their hands on them and do what they want to do with them, the ones we haven't found and stopped, and other people, know that someone, although we didn't say who this someone is, had discovered Dr. Sawyer's disappearance and that he or she or they had found and rescued Dr. Sawyer and his niece and discovered and stopped Giuliano from carrying out his plan to take over the world the way he had planned. We put the word out."

"And so now those other people who were in the business of finding out about things

and getting their hands on them and doing what they want to do with them, and other people, won't be able to do kidnap Dr. Sawyer and make him make a cremating machine for them so *they* can use it to take over the world."

"That's right. And that's the way we want it."

"And we'll probably get it that way, too."

"The President said that you did a good job on carrying out your assignment. He's very pleased. And so am I."

"Well, thank you, ma'am"

"You're welcome. And because you did a good job on carrying out your assignment, I'm giving you a month off."

"Well, thank you, ma'am,"

"You're welcome. Well. I think that's everything. Have a nice vacation, Micah."



"I will. Bye."

"Bye," Then Mrs. Kincaid resumed examining some papers and penning her way through them.

And I left and smiled. All was well.